

**The truth
about
teen-age
drinking**

**A NATIONAL SURVEY
BY SIDNEY KATZ**

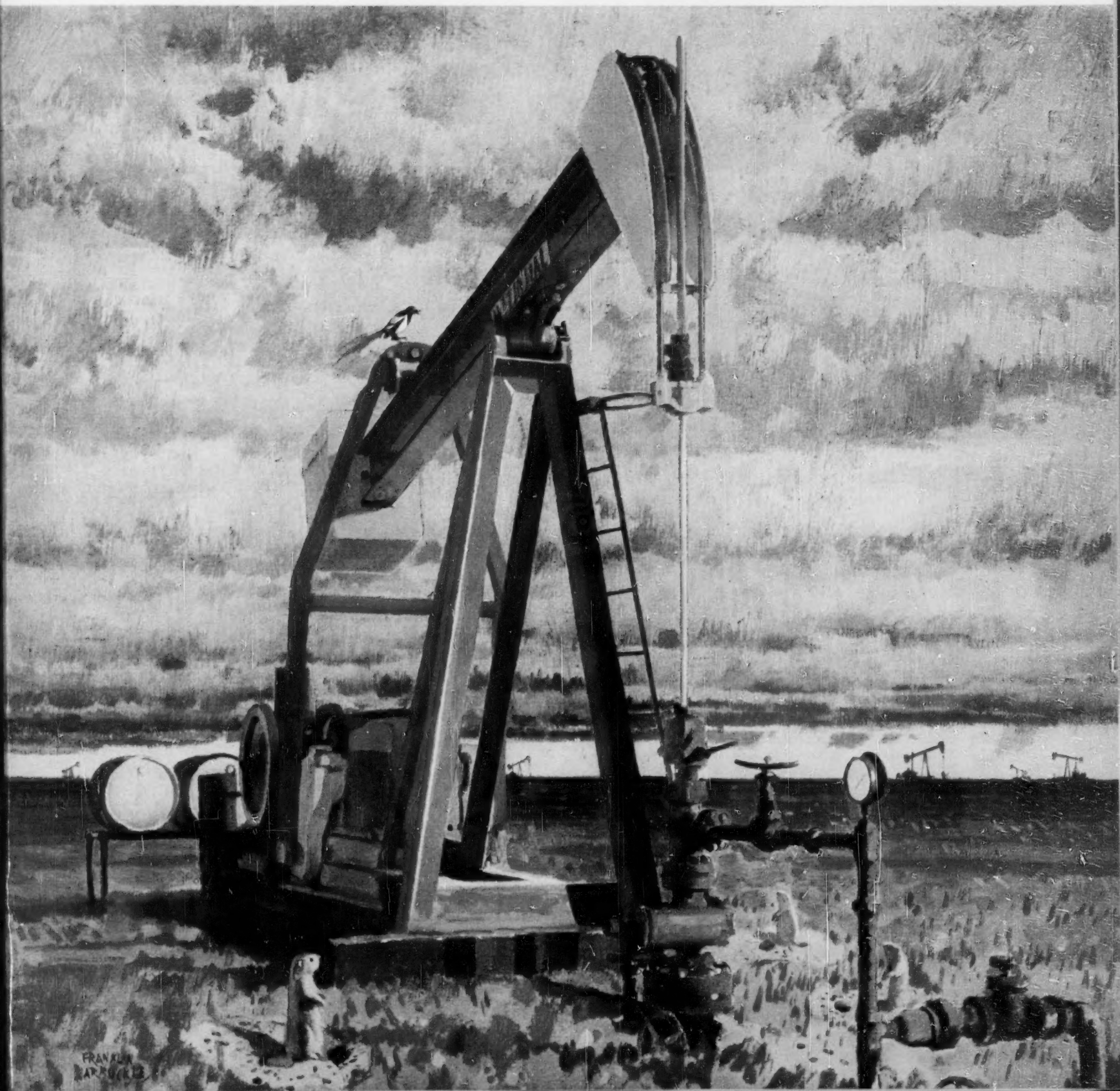
COVER BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE
Oil pump on Saskatchewan prairie

Johnny Longden: "They said I'd never ride again"

WHY UNIONS DEMAND PAY FOR MEN WHO DON'T WORK

MACLEAN'S

JUNE 21 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





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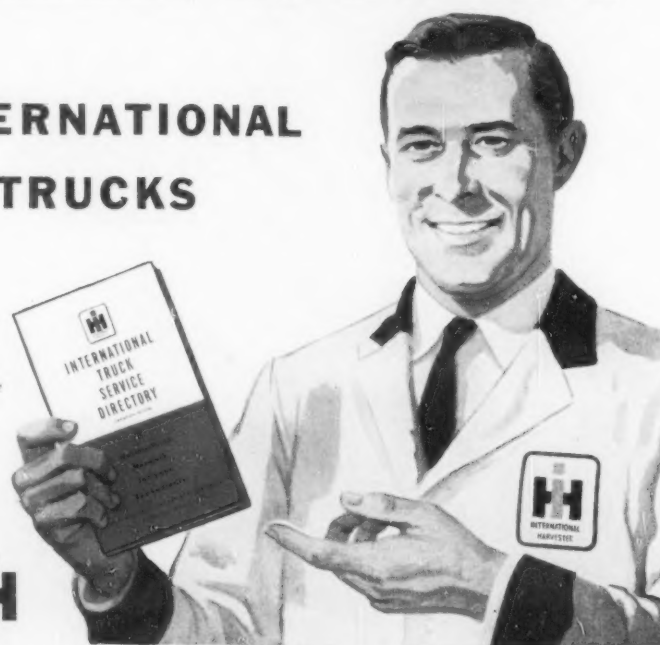
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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

✓ Salk vaccine not strong enough? Sabin next

✓ New towns to rise for thousands on north rail

A STRONGER POLIO VACCINE (Sabin) is expected to replace faithful Salk within the next two years. The reason is that some scientists suspect (although they're not sure) that the standard three shots of Salk won't give long-term immunization. If this is true it would mean extra shots for 5,200,000 Canadians already vaccinated. Experiments with Sabin are being done in several labs, including Canada's Dalhousie.

WOMAN TO WATCH: McGill teacher Joyce Hemlow seems likely to join the ranks of Canada's topmost writer-scholars with her first book, *The History of Fanny Burney* — a diarist of Samuel Johnson's time. Overlooked entirely in Canada, it's bringing raves in the U.S. and Britain (New York Times: "This is as fine a biography as has appeared in a long time."). She spent eight years on it and, Sherlock Holmes fashion, dug up material hidden for 200 years in bedroom trunks.



Joyce



Fanny

HOW MUCH WILL THE NORTH'S POPULATION GROW with the opening of our planned new \$75-million northern Alberta railway (roughly from Fort McMurray to Great Slave Lake)? Although no one can be sure at this early stage, Northern Affairs officials think they can see at least five brand-new towns along the 400-mile railway. Biggest—Pine Point near the northern terminus — is already planned for 3,000 people.

CONVENTION BUSINESS IS SO GOOD in major Canadian hotels that a few are toying with the system of some U.S. hotels that compels guests to pay for at least two days' lodging during busy periods — for a Grey Cup game, say — even though they may not want to stay that long. Montreal's new Hilton-run Queen Elizabeth steps in that direction with a tip to early-morning arrivals: To be sure your room is ready, book it for the night before (extra cost: \$14).

YOU'RE NOT EATING ENOUGH POTATOES to suit Canada's growers. By next fall they expect to change your mind with a new pre-cooked spud as tasty, they say, as the kitchen kind. U.S. Dep. of Agriculture devised the cooking, drying, flaking technique; Canada will borrow it. A New York supermarket test (29c for 8 servings) was a hit. Reason for potatoes' slump, say growers: housewives hate to peel 'em.

CARS' REAL FUTURE

No wheels, this model floats on air at super speed / It's not science fiction; Ford has it

WHILE SOME PARTS of this continent's car industry jealously guard secrets of the 1959 models, one large, visionary segment is openly toying with changes for the more distant future that include taking cars off the ground.

This is not a science-fiction view of what's ahead in automobiles. At Ford's \$100-million research, styling and testing centre in Dearborn, Mich., I rode a scooter-like contraption that travels not on wheels but on air jets. I saw designs for cars pulled into the air by ducted fans, cars driven by atomic power, cars built of steel-hard plastic and glass. Some may never get off the drawing boards, but here are a few developments Ford scientists consider good bets for the next 5 to 50 years:

The Glideair, invented by brilliant Andrew Kucher, Ford research chief, slides on an air film created by tiny jets streaming through "levapads" under the vehicle. The Glideair I rode was no car — although a scale-model car has

KUCHER:
LOOK!
NO
WINGS!



been built — but a platform about the size of a bridge-table top, with handlebars rising from the floor to hip height. I stepped on the platform, grasped the handlebars, a technician pushed a button and air was forced into "telepads" through a rubber hose. Scooter fashion, I pushed with one foot, and the platform fled along a 100-foot tiled corridor as if floating on a cloud, trailing its air hose. Ford technicians say it could be powered by jet engine or propeller which would also provide air for "telepads." Steering and stopping problems haven't been conquered, but Kucher sees his aircar anchored to an 8-inch-wide rail — the train of the future, traveling at speed of sound on an air cushion 5/1,000 of an inch thick.

Other coming developments:

Super steel and plastic, already discovered, can be expected to change body styling. Bumpers may go; the body can be its own bumper.

Gas-turbine engines are now only months away from use in trucks and buses. Ford engineers say new alloys that withstand great heat will next permit their use in cars. Result: a smaller engine with double the life of today's. **Electronic devices** aren't new, but more and more they're due to improve driving. Ford has an electric-eye gadget that can reduce your speed or stop you altogether.

Capsule forecast: Ford engineers and stylists say cars will get cheaper, but not smaller.—HERBERT MANNING

NEW MAGAZINE LEADER

CHATELAINE NOW BIG SISTER FINDS WOMEN CHANGED TOO

AS OF SEPT. 1, Maclean's little sister, Chatelaine, will become our big sister, with the largest circulation of any Canadian magazine. It will also become the only English-speaking women's magazine in the country. These two changes will take place as a result of the purchase by Maclean-Hunter, our mutual parent, of the name and circulation list of the Canadian Home Journal, Chatelaine's top rival. This will give our sister a circulation of 675,000 (Maclean's 575,000) and her advertising rates (\$5,835 for a full page in four colors) will top ours (\$5,215) too.

Sister Chatelaine (she was named by a B.C. rancher's wife 30 years ago in a contest that drew 75,000 entries) won't change her name with her new stature, although the phrase beneath her title, "For the Canadian Woman," will become "The Canadian Home Journal." But, according to editor Doris Anderson, she's going to change in some other ways to suit a freshly drawn image of the Canadian woman for whom the magazine is edited. This



Editor Anderson

image was sketched for Chatelaine by a Vienna-born psychologist, Dr. Ernest Dichter, and helpers after a painstaking eight-month survey of a group of 247 Chatelaine readers.

The Canadian woman, according to Dichter, is a changed and changing person. She wants to keep her old home-making skills and enhance her place in her community, but she also wants to be better informed on subjects from psychology to nuclear science and political economy—all this from a Canadian viewpoint. She thinks U.S. women are shallow, although she admires their energy. This "Canadian-ness," says Dichter, is tied to what's happening to Canada.

Chatelaine will try to please this new woman with a wider range of material, mostly factual, not so much fiction, in a "thicker, cleaner-looking package," according to editor Anderson. The September package will include football, jazz, a home-decorating service brought over from the Journal, and a world-affairs feature, *This Is Your World* — all new to Chatelaine.

GM THEATRE JOINS ABC

20 million more viewers

THE CBC, long in the shadow of American TV skills, money and ratings, has had few opportunities to shout "Big deal!" It can and undoubtedly will beginning next September with the live export of 39 one-hour performances of GM Theatre on the ABC network, which will show them Sunday evenings (9.30-10.30) on 69 stations to some 20 million viewers. Right on the heels of Wayne & Shuster's hit with Ed Sullivan, it's being bruited as the biggest triumph yet for Canadian show business, for a number of reasons:

✓ Never before will so many people at one time have seen a Canadian theatrical performance. In addition to 69 U.S. stations, 39 Canadian stations and possibly 6 million additional viewers are expected to join each show.

✓ Few of CBC's major TV shows are entirely self-supporting — the sponsor usually picks up only part of the bill. But on these the network will make money. They'll be sponsored by GM in Canada — by another unnamed sponsor in the U.S. — who'll pay \$35,000 a show.

✓ The shows will bring badly needed prestige to the CBC and to stay-at-home producers, playwrights and actors at a

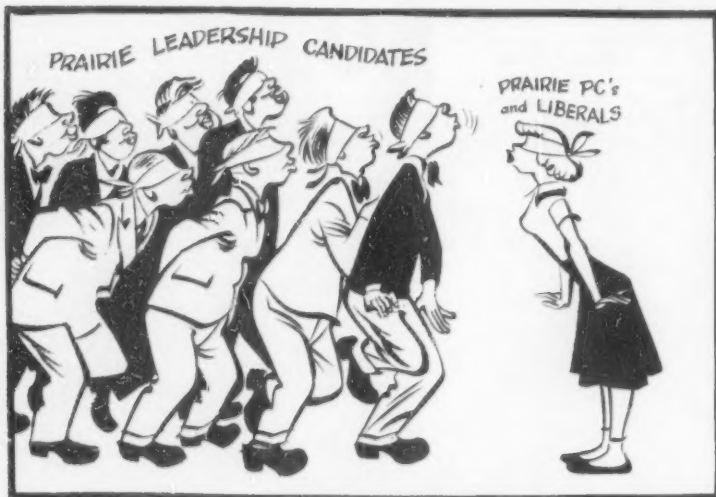
time of wholesale talent emigration to the U.S. and Britain. Ten-percent bigger pay cheques are also expected to bring back some Canadian performers who had left.

The shows were peddled as a CBC-produced package by Showcase Productions, which has been responsible for such TV blockbusters as Peter Pan, Olivier's Shakespeare and GM's 50th Anniversary Show. ABC watched kinescopes of three years' performances. "They got raves," says CBC salesman Gunnar Rugheimer. ABC took an option on the next 39 and is now lining up sponsors.

Will GM Theatre remain Canadian in performance and production or will it now go the way of the many stereotyped TV dramas that U.S. networks have been dropping with alacrity for more than a year? The contract with ABC says CBC has complete creative control with no interference by U.S. sponsors or network (GM, however, has been exercising some control over scripts used by CBC — it vetoed one called *The Strike*). Producer Esse Ljungh says: "If we're short of the right actors — and we are — we'll import talent." —BARBARA MOON

BACKSTAGE IN POLITICS

WITH BLAIR FRASER



The west, a nest and who, dear?

Male Help Wanted—Five attractive openings as western representatives of two old established firms. Age bracket thirty to fifty, though younger and older applicants might be considered if other qualifications are outstanding. No experience necessary. Apply to either Conservative or Liberal party headquarters, anywhere west of Manitoba.

The foregoing classified ad has not yet appeared in any newspaper, but it almost could. The political picture in Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia today is a rare study in irony. In all three provinces the Conservatives practically swept the board in the federal election March 31. Nowhere is morale as high among federal Conservatives as it is in the west.

But provincially this Tory Eden is nothing but an unweeded garden. In Saskatchewan and Alberta the party is leaderless, in B. C. it has a leader whom many Conservatives would like to depose, and in all three provinces leadership conventions are to be held this summer or early autumn. In none, however, has any candidate emerged who makes Conservative hearts leap up.

As for the Liberals, they too are headless in two provinces and are hopeless in a third, although unlike the Conservatives they have no plans for removing the incumbent, Alexander Hamilton McDonald, in Saskatchewan. They don't really blame McDonald for the fact that they have only fourteen members in a legislature of fifty-three and are now in their fourth consecutive term in opposition. But by the same token they can hardly count on McDonald, after ten years as an MLA and four as Liberal leader, to rekindle enthusiasm for a party whose western battalions at Ottawa have just been wiped out. Liberal hopes, insofar as they exist at all in the west, are centred in Alberta and B. C.

Both older parties are gloomily aware that in each province the reigning "splinter" party is far stronger than its failure on March 31 would indicate. Ernest Manning in Alberta and W. A.

C. Bennett in B. C. may not be the invincibles they once were, but they are vastly more formidable than any Social Crediter has ever been in the federal arena. Tommy Douglas in Saskatchewan may well be anxious at the defeat of such CCF giants as M. J. Coldwell and Stanley Knowles, but he still looks more than a match for any Grit or Tory in provincial politics. To upset all or any of these local champions will take a Diefenbaker-type campaign, and no Diefenbaker-type campaigner has yet appeared.

In Alberta, where Conservatives plan to hold their leadership convention in August, the odds-on favorite if he runs at all is W. J. C. Kirby of Red Deer, who has been the real Conservative House leader in the provincial legislature since he was elected at a by-election in 1954. (J. Percy Page of Edmonton is nominally House leader, but indifferent health and a non-partisan temperament make him somewhat inactive. Kirby has been doing the work.)

Kirby wouldn't say yes

But Kirby, though he has many ideal qualities as a candidate, has some liabilities. The chief of these is his reluctance to take on the job at all. He married late and has a very young family, and the prospect of spending most of his time away from home (as any party leader must do) he finds extremely dreary. He also doubts that he can really afford so much time away from a growing law practice. The Conservative leader in the present Alberta legislature, whatever his future may be, is now not even leader of the opposi-

tion, but merely the corporal of a three-man squad getting an MLA stipend of \$2,400 a year plus \$1,200 expenses.

But Kirby has been not only reluctant, he has been indecisive. Conservative plans were held up all spring because he wouldn't give an answer one way or the other to suggestions that he should run. He said he would give a definite yes or no by the first week in May, but let that deadline and then another go by in silence. Conservatives had no intention of taking "no" for an answer but they were beginning to doubt whether even a "yes" could be taken for final.

Another candidate for the post is Ernest Watkins, MLA, third member of the tiny Conservative group in the legislature. Watkins has made spectacular progress since he came to Calgary from England only four years ago. A lawyer who became a broadcaster and journalist while serving in the British army, he was a well-known voice on the BBC and a former staff writer of the Economist, London, when he came out to write a book about Canada in 1953. He was so impressed with the country that he decided to emigrate, and hung up his shingle in Calgary the following year. By last autumn he had got himself so well established that he won a provincial by-election in that city, and is now a serious contender for his party's leadership.

However, Watkins has even graver liabilities than Kirby. He is an Englishman, in a province suspicious of outsiders. He is an intellectual, in a province where that is a dirty word. He is a city man, in a province that likes its leaders to have a rural background of some sort, wherever they may happen to live now.

The Elvis of Drumheller

The other aspirants for the Alberta leadership haven't yet made any mark at all in provincial politics. Giffard Main of Edmonton has run once or twice and been defeated. E. A. Toshach is the mayor of Drumheller—a brash young man whom one Conservative described as "a cross between Marlon Brando and Elvis Presley." He is thought to be a serious contender for the local nomination but only a nominal one for the leadership. One man whose name crops up in speculation is Arnold Platt, president of the Farmers' Union of Alberta. It is perhaps significant that Platt's name also crops up, with about the same frequency, as a possible Liberal leader.

Alberta Liberals are also headless since the resignation of J. Harper Prowse a month ago. On the form chart they should also be hopeless, since all seventeen of their federal candidates were defeated March 31. But provincially the Liberals are still in a fairly strong position. The Social Credit regime, tarnished by scandal and lamed by complacency, lost fourteen seats in the 1955 election; eleven of these went Liberal, while the Conservative group remained the same.

Aspirants for the Liberal leadership include William Hawrelak, mayor of Edmonton, who lost in the federal election of 1957; Grant MacEwan, MLA, a former professor of agriculture, now a

farm equipment executive, who scored an upset victory for the Liberals in Tory Calgary in 1955; and Hugh John MacDonald, the Calgary lawyer who has been a Liberal stalwart in the legislature for ten years. Compared to any Conservative in sight, all of these men look fairly strong. Compared to Premier Manning, none does.

In British Columbia the situation is still as described here a few issues ago (Maclean's, May 10) except that tension seems to be increasing. Conservatives who are opposed to incumbent Deane Finlayson are more bitterly determined than ever to turn him out at the leadership convention he has called, but still have no candidate to do it with. Liberals continue to hope, pray and press for Jimmy Sinclair, the former minister of fisheries, but Sinclair continues to say no. If he should say yes, Conservatives as well as Liberals would be affected—a Tory leader who might do against a weak Grit would not do if Sinclair were in the field.

Always a bridesmaid

As for Saskatchewan, there the irony is keenest of all. In John Diefenbaker's own province the Conservative tide is running very high, but it's a province where Conservatives have been as rare as whooping cranes for twenty-three years. Alvin Hamilton, now minister of northern affairs and national resources, was beaten in no fewer than six elections—three federal and three provincial—before he finally got elected in 1957, and his example as a dogged punishment-taker inspired little imitation. Now there are half a dozen possible candidates for the provincial post he vacated, but none is very strong.

Robert Kohaly of Estevan is the only one with experience in the legislature—he enjoyed brief fame for taking a Conservative seat in a by-election in 1953. However, he failed to survive even one general election, running third in 1956. Young "Sandy" Macpherson, son and namesake of the Murdo Macpherson who was a leading contender for the Conservative national leadership in 1938 and 1942, is the likeliest to win of the candidates now in the field, but even Conservatives have grave doubt that he can overturn Premier Tommy Douglas.

In all three provinces, of course, Conservatives at the moment look stronger than Liberals, however frail they may appear beside the governments in power. Both parties know that this situation may not last. For more than thirty years the tendency of the west, especially the prairies, has been profound distrust and hostility toward the old parties in general and the one in power at Ottawa in particular. Westerners tend to regard John Diefenbaker more as a prairie radical than as a conventional Tory. If his government turns out to be a prairie radical government, no doubt Conservative stock will remain high in the west whatever happens to it on Bay Street. If, on the other hand, it turns out to be a normally Conservative regime, its chances out west will be slimmer.

Finally, there is the economy and the general state of the nation. If times remain bad, governments will suffer—the Conservative government in Ottawa, the CCF and Social Credit governments in the west. At least one year and perhaps two will elapse before any province west of Manitoba has a general election. By that time, anything can happen. ★

BACKSTAGE WITH ROBERT SERVICE

Why he's grown to hate "Dan McGrew"—the ballad that made him

Robert W. Service, the Bard of the Klondike, has recited his famous ballad, *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*, for the last time—for the CBC's July 6 edition of *Close-Up*. "I'm sick to death of McGrew," Service told Maclean's Pierre Berton, who interviewed him at his villa in Monte Carlo this month. "I never want to hear the thing again. I wish people would stop pestering me about it."

While admitting that McGrew was "the cornerstone of my work," Service now has trouble remembering the words. He feels frustrated because "after all these years I'm still tied to the Klondike." His first Klondike book, *Songs of a Sourdough*, sold more than a million and a half copies but his recent books of verse sell only a few

thousand. But Service, a spry 84, continues to write every day turning out verse faster than his publishers will print it. He has three new books ready for them now, "but they tell me to go slow."

Though he made a fortune from his early work (eight of his books have sold to Hollywood) Service now finds he has to subsidize his newest books to encourage his publishers to print them. By special agreement he gets no royalty on the first two thousand copies—and sometimes his books don't sell that many. Paradoxically, his first book, Service says, still sells upwards of 10,000 copies a year.

Service is an enthusiast and self-styled expert on the subject of longevity, and indeed once wrote a book telling his readers How To



POET SERVICE

No friend of McGrew.

Grow Young. He expects to live to be past ninety and to continue to write at that age. In order to keep his verse and his name alive after death, he's planning to set up a \$100,000 trust fund to keep his work in print.

Proud of what he calls his "rags-to-riches story," Service, a one-time hobo, knocked off this brief epitaph during Berton's visit to him:

"'Tis true my tummy is concave
My locks no more are wavy;
But though one foot be in the grave,
The other's in the gravy!"

Backstage AT REFUGEE COLLEGE

After a year here's how Hungarian students are doing at UBC

AMONG FORESTRY students graduating at the University of British Columbia a month ago, 28 stood out like gardenias in bunch grass. The reason: a brilliant red and white cord sewn on their hoods right next to the green cord of forestry worn by all students. These are the colors of Hungary and its bearers were the first graduates of 189 who, with 28 professors, left Sopron University after the Hungarian uprising in 1956 and came to Canada.

Eighteen of last month's graduates got jobs in B.C.'s forests; ten remain unemployed. So are half of the Hungarian undergraduates looking for summer work. All of UBC's other forestry students have jobs. These circumstances reflect fairly accurately the plight of UBC's fugitive collegians. They haven't integrated. They have made little impact on campus life.

"They're still in exile," one pro-

fessor remarked. "They don't seem to want to join in."

This has been attributed variously to reticence, even arrogance. ("They figure they should be treated like heroes every day and are obnoxious when they're not," said a student newspaper reporter.) But there are two more obvious reasons: language and housing.

Fewer than 10% of the Sopron students have learned to speak English. In homes near the campus they live three or four together. In overcrowded labs they work and learn together—from 1.30 p.m. to 10 p.m., since classrooms and lab time are allotted first to larger English classes (Sopron professors lecture in Hungarian).

Where Sopron students have tried to mingle, however, they have excelled. One student won the campus tennis championship. A young professor coached UBC soccer and volleyball teams.



DEAN ROLLER

No friends on campus.

Dean Kalman Roller and his assistant Leslie Adamovich admit their students haven't integrated as well as planned. "The friendship was quite well," says Adamovich, "but it's a sorry thing UBC has many students and we couldn't get studies at the same time as the English students."

Will matters improve? UBC forestry dean George Allen is hopeful. By 1959-60 Sopron boys will be getting English lectures. "We'll teach them and Sopron professors will teach our students. At present it's like talking with 10-year-olds. It's hard to express ideas in a language you don't think in."

—FRANK WALDEN

Backstage WITH EDUCATION

Should our schools teach children the facts of life?



PARSON WIPPRECHT

"I am amazed that in North America sex education in schools is not accepted by most people."—REV. HELMUTH W. WIPPRECHT, COBALT, ONT.

"The sex education of children . . . is not a course for the schools. It is a matter for the home."—HON. W. J. DUNLOP, ONTARIO MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

Thus two Ontario educators recently staked out the broad gulf between educators in many parts of Canada on a question of increasing concern to teachers and to parents: Should schools teach what used to be called "the facts of life?"

Wipprecht, a young (29) United Church minister who came to Canada from Germany seven years ago, thinks they should. He spoke this opinion so forcefully that it has now been broadcast in most parts of the country. It started when he was instructing a grade 7 class in Cobalt on the seventh commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," as part of a course in religion. Aware of Education Minister Dunlop's view on sex education, Wipprecht sent pupils home with some questions for their parents: "What does the term sexual relations mean?" and "How does a baby start growing?"

Parents raised the roof, Wipprecht's classes were suspended. Wipprecht charged the tumult was proof of parents' "barnyard morals." He defended his case on a nationwide TV program. He also raised the question: Where do Canadian schools stand on sex education?

According to a Maclean's survey, they're 6 to 4 against it—by provinces. Here's the rundown:

Maritimes: No sex education in any province. "We believe it's a duty of the home," says New Brunswick's deputy education minister D. A. Middlemiss. **Quebec:** Thirty percent of senior students in Protestant schools study biology; school health services provide sex education.

Ontario: Sex education is not official part of the curriculum "but elements are taught in health or biology classes"; Col. S. Watson, curriculum director. **Manitoba:** No course in sex.

Saskatchewan: Course in education for family life (grades 11 and 12) includes sex education "where teacher is qualified and school-board approves. Some teachers unfitted or unwilling to handle the subject"; W. G. Bates, guidance supervisor.

Alberta: Health and personal development courses include material on germ cells and venereal disease. "Some attempt has been made to assist parents in sex education."

British Columbia: Sex education included in health and personal-development course now under revision.

—CHRISTINA MCCALL

Background

VANCOUVER THE GOOD?

Vancouver—innocent or wanton? It depends on where you sit. Provincial censors banned a warmish film starring Brigitte Bardot and the League of Women Voters demanded that pictures featuring socially adventurous actresses also be barred. At the same time, show-business journals are quoting stage people such as comic Stu Allen: "To do business in night clubs here you have to have material that hits them like a sledgehammer—and a dirty one at that."

WORKERS WEAR BEARDS?

DEWline's bosses are getting an unhappy lesson in business psychology. The issue: should a worker wear a beard? Not in the north, officials of

Federal Electric Corporation, which operates the line, decided. They cautioned employees: beards freeze in winter and conceal frostbite. Most workers—but not all—shaved. FEC sent a further memo: "Men who wear beards are childish, immature eccentrics." Miffed by such haughty words, many close-shaven workers grew their beards again.

MOTHER IN MOTEL DEAL

A young Quebec mother of five has unexpectedly emerged as key figure in plans (by Sheraton and Hotel Corporation of America) to build a multimillion-dollar motel chain in Canada. Aileen Mathieson, attractive St. Hubert housewife, started selling real estate three years ago. Now she's sole Canadian partner in a firm developing luxury motels in Sherbrooke, Montreal, Toronto, Calgary and Vancouver.



ALLARD'S ROUGH RIDE

For suspense, few radio or TV dramas can top T. James Allard's behind-scenes struggle to hang onto his \$18,000-a-year job as official voice for private TV and radio

in Canada. (He's executive vice-president of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters.) After CAB's unhappy showing in front of the Fowler Commission, some of Allard's wealthier constituents tried to ease him out. In a recent showdown he had more support than they did. Outlook: Allard's still in for a rough ride.

OTTAWA'S RACIEST BOOK

Plagued by demands to ban this book or that, Ottawa is innocently but gingerly sitting on a little publishing dynamite itself. Most racey reading in the government's list of 4,000 publications (at a few cents a copy) is a Department of External Affairs report on the suppression of the world's white-slave traffic. Most books and pamphlets—on subjects from corsets to corn brooms—you can get for nothing.

Editorial

If we'll stake our lives on
DEWlines, why not on negotiation?

THIS COUNTRY'S two best-known instruments of military defense have again come under public discussion within the last few weeks.

The governments of Canada and the United States have hinted officially that the DEWline is obsolete.

So, it has been charged by a number of intelligent people, is the CF-105 Arrow, Canada's most modern interceptor plane.

There are other intelligent people, including many in places of authority, who deny both these nervous assertions. Let the Russians attack over the roof of the continent, they say, and the DEWline will detect them hours before they can reach their targets. Our Arrows, amply warned, will rise to meet and destroy them.

This pattern of attack, defense and victory depends, of course, on certain minimum conditions. The Russians must use bombing planes or, at the very worst, air-breathing guided missiles. They must not use long-range ballistic missiles, Sputniks or other weapons traveling at speeds and through regions the Arrow and the DEWline cannot reach or comprehend. Unless the attacking force does come within these specifications, even the warmest champions of our present first-line defenses admit that they are, indeed, already out of date.

Behind this endless and not very fruitful debate about individual radar chains, individual aircraft and individual rockets, one blanket truth—a truth covering all instruments, all weapons and all foreseeable occasions—is fast emerging. It is not just the DEWlines and the Arrows that are obsolescent. Military defense itself is obsolescent.

We can still defend ourselves to some degree by threatening the potential enemy with at least as much destruction as he threatens to inflict on us. In that sense the deterrent remains a means of military defense. But once either side starts shooting—and either side will surely mean both sides—all their science and inspired gadgetry will have little more protective value than a row of muskets. Once any major atomic attack is launched, the chance of repelling it wholly or even substantially will be almost negligible. Even the optimists seldom rate the odds against effective military defense at better than 10 to 1. The pessimists put them closer to 1,000 to 1.

Perhaps we have no choice but to take the risk, however one-sided. In the atomic lottery on which every living being's life depends, it is slightly better to have our hopes riding on a thousand-to-one shot than to have drawn a non-starter.

But if we're willing to gamble millions of lives—not to mention billions of dollars—at such forlorn odds in the military field, why are we so reluctant to gamble at similar or conceivably better odds in the political and diplomatic field?

No doubt it's somewhere in the range between ten to one and a thousand to one against that the Russians are really and at last prepared to talk disarmament and atomic control in all seriousness and some good faith. But if such odds, unattractive as they are, are worth taking in a clash of machines and bombs surely they're worth taking too in an equally fateful clash of minds and wills. If we can justify our costly and almost-certain-to-be-useless DEWlines and Arrows on the ground that they're better than nothing at all, why can't we justify summit conferences on the same ground?

Mailbag

- ✓ Are Quebec censors friendly to scandal sheets?
- ✓ Two more flowers for the Tory bouquet
- ✓ How Canadians can bankroll Canada's future

Re The Churches' War on the Scandal Sheets (May 24) . . . there was a sentence that made me smile: "But they [churches] will apparently have to win without Union Nationale." Some censors of the provincial board of censure are in fact quite friendly with the scandal sheets. One . . . wrote in one of these branded *hebdo*s (weeklies). Another . . . advertised every week in at least one *hebdo*. During the provincial election in 1956, the municipal election in 1957 and the federal election, candidates backed by the Union Nationale used the sheets for their advertisements. During a debate in the Quebec *parlement*, Maurice Duplessis said that in his opinion there were only two noxious newspapers in Quebec: *Le Devoir* and *Vrai*, the unofficial Civic Action League newspaper. All the *hebdo*s hail Duplessis and all he does.

—CLAUDE DAGENAIS, MONTREAL.

Flowers for the Tories

The Mailbag contribution (May 24) on the cornflower's gentle past was both educational and interesting. However, being a Canadian of four generations, I believe the Conservative party should choose a flower more symbolic of Canada. Take the Iceland poppy which grows in profusion around Banff and Lake Louise. It would also honor our Icelandic Canadians. Another flower is the aster, called the flower of loyalty.—MRS. IRENE BIRD, REGINA.

How a reader rates Maclean's

Your Preview is excellent
" Backstage " "
" Editorial " "
" Mailbag " "
" Articles " "
" Departments " "
" Photographs " "

but your lack of fiction (2 short stories



—at least one per issue) is hurting your magazine.—J. LINDEN, MONTREAL.

How to rescue democracy

Bruce Hutchison asks Is Democracy Obsolete? I do not think it is obsolete, but rather misused. The country is not run by the people or for the people, but for the big businesses. During the last two years it has been brought out in the open just what enormous profits have been made by smart financiers. We have members of our governments indulging in it too. There is a remedy for all this. We have around six million people on the labor force—why not

have these people invest in the future of their country? This can be done by forming a co-operative for the people, and allowing those who can pay only so much per month to do so by payroll deduction, the same way we financed the wars. If the deductions were only \$10 per month the capital raised would be \$720 million a year. The money could be invested in industries needed in Canada. Prime Minister Diefenbaker has stated that Canadians should control more of the wealth of Canada than they do. This is the only way the majority of people could invest in the progress of Canada and share the wealth.

—J. T. EGAN, NORTH KAMLOOPS, B.C.

✓ Bruce Hutchison is too much of an artist to be a praiseworthy interpreter of the Canadian political and economic



scene. The beautiful paragraph and the striking sentence carefully arranged to hit the reader's heart instead of his mind is more poetry than prose. While eminently suitable for a book such as *The Unknown Country* it degenerates into mere propaganda when applied to political exposition. What this country needs is much less impassioned oratory. Not more.—S. R. ELLIS, SARNIA, ONT.

The first two-color stamp

In your Background brief, *Our Stamps in Two Colors* (May 24), you say, "It's not Canada's first, however, a stamp for the Red Cross holds that honor." Undoubtedly you are referring to the Red Cross stamp issued in 1952 (Scott's catalogue number 317). This was not the first Canadian stamp produced in more than one color. The 2c Imperial Penny Postage Issue of 1898 (Scott's catalogue numbers 85 and 86) holds this distinction. It is a beautiful stamp depicting a map of the world in not two but three colors. The British Empire is colored carmine and the remainder either black and lavender or black and blue.—C. P. GUBBELS, LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.

Reader Gubbels is right, Maclean's was wrong.

Bar whistles at kids' camps?

Dorothy Sangster's article on camping, *Should You Send Your Child to Camp* (May 24), was an excellent eye-opener to us in the west. What has me furious is Peter Whalley's cartoons on camping. Any camp that employs counselors who believe in the use of the whistle is surely defeating the democratic ideals of modern camping. Whalley went to the wrong camps.—GORDON MACNAB, VANCOUVER. ★



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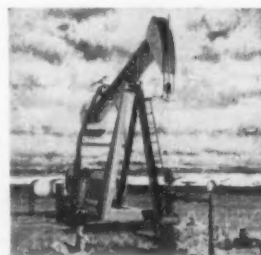
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THE COVER

The rocking motion of wellhead oil pumps has become one of the commonest sights in the southeast corner of Saskatchewan, where **Franklin Arbuckle** painted this cover. The second commonest sight is prairie dogs drilling deep but usually dry holes of their own.

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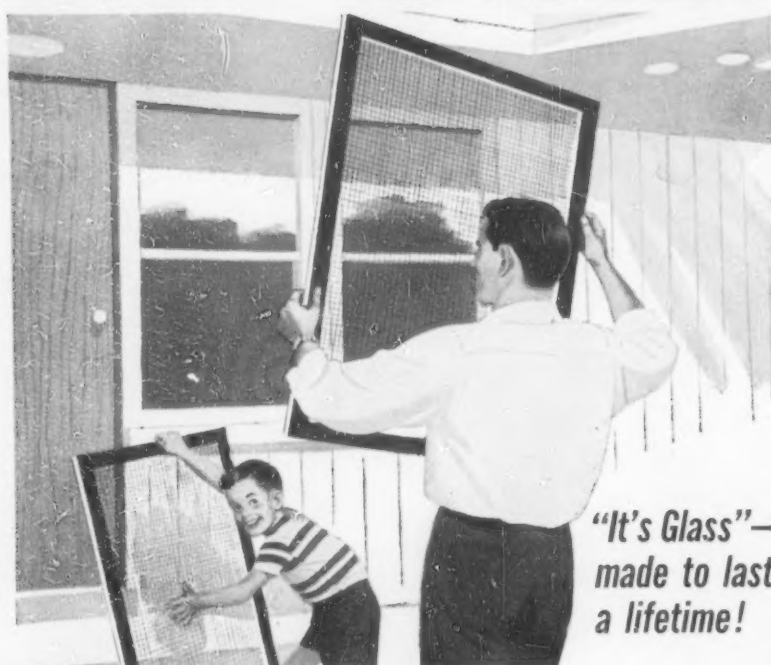
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For the sake of argument



JAMES S. THOMSON SAYS

Canada should ban A-arms
even if no one else will

One public question, and only one, is of decisive importance for our time. It can be stated in terms of stark simplicity. How can we avert the world catastrophe of an atomic war? If we cannot find a way to halt the development of nuclear weapons and the inter-continental method of projection on their targets, no other question is worth discussing. The threat of mutual mass destruction by long-range atomic bombs is surely the most delusive guarantee of our national security. The sooner this is recognized and accepted, the sooner we shall be in a position to make a new and positive beginning at the only adequate answer to our question. This must take the form of working out some practicable way whereby we can live together on this earth—an ancient problem which has defied solution, on the grand international scale, but today has become most desperately urgent. The real question, therefore, is who is to assume the leadership of mankind in new and revolutionary action at a time of unexampled crisis in human history?

Can we lead the world?

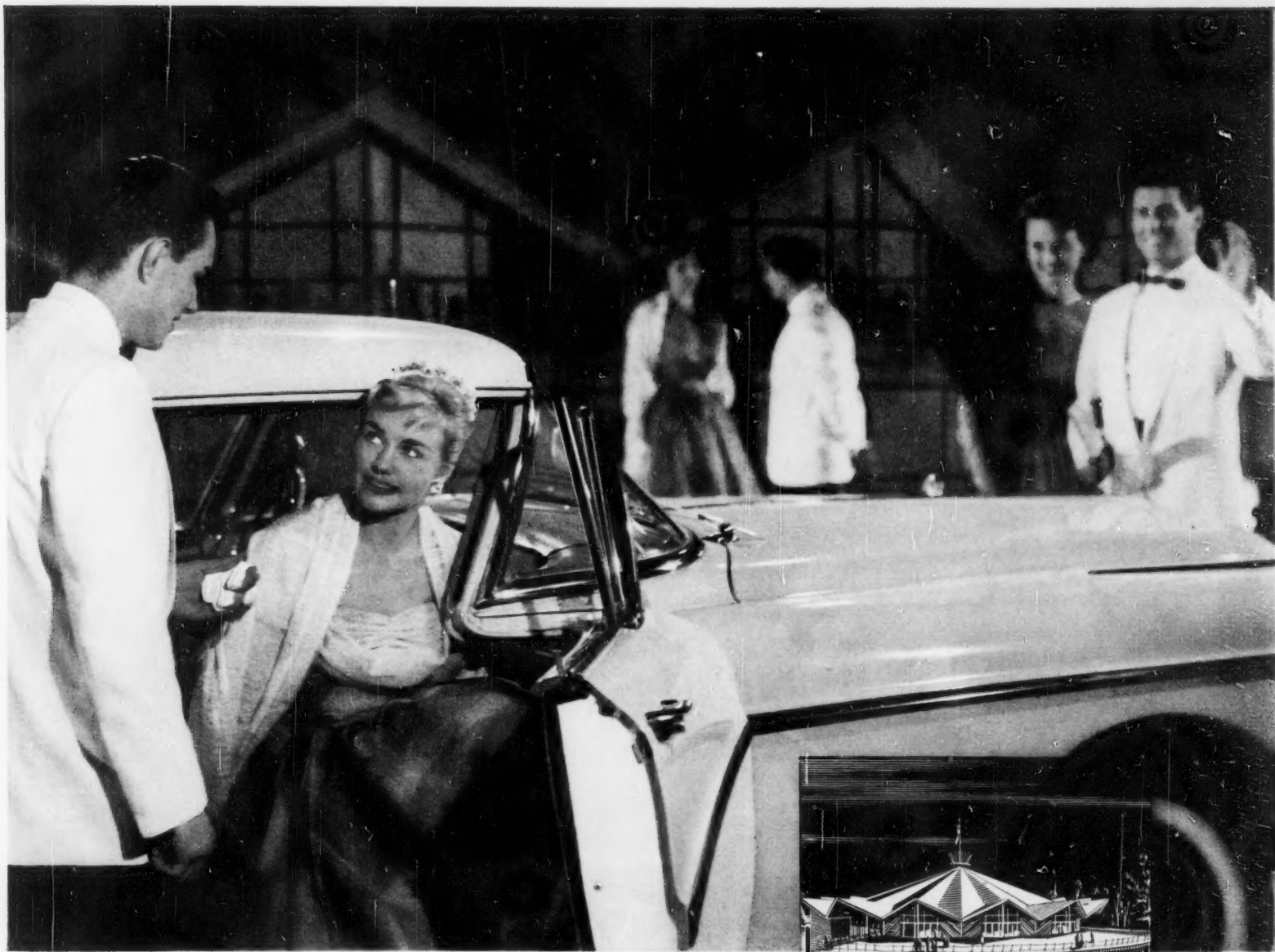
The first step is a clear and unequivocal renunciation of all reliance on the use of mass-destructive weapons. I believe Canada ought to take this position in her own interest and as an initial move toward world security. The Church should urge this policy on grounds alike of faith and morals. I write as a minister of the Church and also as a Canadian citizen. As a minister I am committed to the Gospel of Reconciliation: as a citizen I am devoted to the preservation and welfare of my country. Above all, as a Christian, I believe in God's purpose of salvation for all the world, and that this extends to men's bodies as well as their souls. I cannot accept, therefore,

the present situation in world affairs where we are being carried along on a tide of hatred, suspicion and mutual recrimination to irretrievable disaster for all mankind. This is emphatically not the will of God. There is a more excellent way, the way of reconciliation, and it is an imperative duty to interpret it to the world at the present time.

Unilateral action of this kind by Canada will be regarded by some as a policy that is both unrealistic and irresponsible in a world where the prevailing language is naked force. How far are we prepared to go? So far as our North American continent is concerned, are we not inextricably involved strategically and tactically, in all matters of defense, with the United States of America? Even now, there is an accepted integration of our armed forces. Joint bases have been established in our northern territories. Our supplies of fissionable materials are the most readily available source for the making of nuclear weapons. Can we tell the Americans to clear out and shall we place an embargo on the export of all strategic raw materials?

My answer is that just such a bold policy is needed in the present situation and that we, of all nations, are in a position to act upon it. A drastic and revolutionary line, you say—yes, but let us be genuinely realistic and look at the alternatives. If national security and self-preservation is the first duty of a government it is very evident that unless there is a radical change in the present set-up, Canada is destined to become the battleground on which and from which titanic forces will launch their high-powered missiles. It is the end of Canada as a nation. If it is contended that in the event of such a struggle the United States will not stand idly by and **continued on page 42**

DR. THOMSON IS THE MODERATOR OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA



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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

My Fair Lady comes home

No one knows whether ghosts walk or indulge in ironic laughter, but if they do then Bernard Shaw's ghost must have had a night out in London recently. For the last two years the fame of My Fair Lady, the musical comedy based on Shaw's Pygmalion, had spread from New York to the outside world. Returning Britishers from America acquired a special dignity if they had seen the piece on Broadway, and in New York itself a man's importance soared if he procured a couple of seats. Therefore, as I had long since ceased to be a London dramatic critic, it was merely as a forlorn hope that I wrote to Emile Littler who, with his brother, controls the famous Drury Lane Theatre, and suggested that he might sell me two tickets for the opening night in London. Like a good friend Emile first wrote that it was quite impossible and a week later sent me two seats on the aisle for the premiere and at ordinary prices.

When the great night came the streets were crowded with people who just wanted to see the fortunate ones making their way into the theatre. The flashes of cameras were like the silent bombardment of an enemy trench. In fact it was



Stanley Holloway backstage: an old favorite was greeted with bravos.

one of those occasions which can only take place in a metropolis.

Among the notable first-night guests were the lord chancellor and his wife, although it was the first time I have ever seen any lord chancellor at a musical comedy. But there was a special reason for it. Lord Kilmer is married to the sister of Rex Harrison, who was playing the male lead. Incidentally Lady Kilmer is a most attractive creature who could have done well on the stage if she had followed in her brother's footsteps. Her voice has autumnal tints.

So the curtain went up on the familiar Covent Garden vegetable market with the professor of phonetics becoming interested in the Cockney exuberance of Eliza Doolittle. Rex Harrison was never intended by nature to sing but what does that matter? Both he and good old Stanley Holloway, the latter a long-established London favorite who had played the leading male Cockney role in the New York production, were welcomed home with cheers.

At the end of the performance there were curtain calls and flowers until it seemed we would never get home. When finally we went out to try to steal a taxi there was a bigger **continued on page 56**



Julie Andrews, Rex Harrison backstage: it was a night of triumph.



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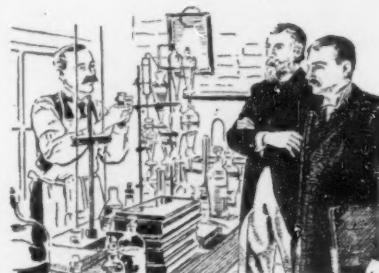
successful treatment for infections, and nutrition-providing vitamins and other compounds can prevent or correct anemia in almost every patient.

In short, by seeing her doctor early, an expectant mother can now safeguard her pregnancy against virtually every possible problem; thanks to better medicines and better treatments, her chances of having a truly "blessed" event are fine indeed.

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Mounting fear and controversy follow every fresh report of teen-age drunkenness and violence.

But the facts about youth and alcohol have not, until now, been thoroughly investigated on a national scale. Here is

The truth about teen-age drinking

BY SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ROCKETT

What are the cold facts behind the heated headlines and controversies about teen-age drinking in Canada? How many of our 1.7 million teen-agers drink? How much do they drink? Do large numbers of them regularly get "tight"? And where do they get their supplies of alcoholic beverages, since it's illegal to serve or sell drinks to anyone under twenty-one years of age?

For several weeks I've been trying to find the answers to these and other questions by interviewing teen-agers, parents, educators, temperance leaders, social workers, law-enforcement officers and various government officials. I polled the heads of the thirteen largest universities in Canada. In addition, Maclean's asked a research agency which specializes in teen-age opinion and experience to enquire into high-school drinking habits in eight Canadian cities. While my answers are not complete, they provide factual information on some aspects of teen-age drinking.

In the course of my research I discovered that the problem of youth and alcohol is cloaked in an atmosphere of emotion, alarm, fear, frustration and controversy. The alarm and emotion arise from the fact that, according to the best estimates,

continued over page



Posed by professional models

"Getting liquor is no great problem for youngsters...

at home, at bars, from liquor stores or bootleggers."



The truth about teen-age drinking: continued

the number of alcoholics in Canada has doubled during the past ten years. The figure now stands at 200,000. Many adults are haunted by the fear that this figure will again be doubled at the end of another decade. Frequent reports of excessive teen-age drinking add to this fear. Peter Bassels, who runs a restaurant north of Toronto, recently hung a sign in his window, saying, "Sorry, we do not cater to teen-agers." He explained that many of his youthful customers were in the habit of arriving drunk, slashing the furniture and insulting other customers. Toronto police recently found three boys—the eldest fourteen—lying on the railway tracks, drunk. About the same time, an eighteen-year-old youth of the nearby community of Ajax was convicted for drunkenness—his ninth conviction for the same misdemeanor in the past two years. In another community, not far away, police arrested four teen-agers in a car. They had all been drinking heavily. One of them—a fourteen-year-old girl—was so drunk it took six hours to bring her back to consciousness.

Not far from the huge, lighted cross which overlooks Montreal, nineteen boys and girls who had been drinking were arrested for fighting, swearing and bothering the public. In Quebec City a sixteen-year-old youth was sent to prison for three months after wrecking a restaurant. He was not sober at the time. In Trail, B.C., the high-school board angrily threatened to put an end to graduation parties because many of the students—some of them only fifteen years old—attended half-drunk. The University of Western Ontario at London, shocked by the amount of drinking at football games, announced that henceforth local police would be on hand to throw all drunks out of the stadium. The student newspaper cynically observed, "It could result in empty stands."

Do reports of this kind confirm the words of Magistrate Ivan B. Craig of Wallaceburg, Ont., who said that teen-age drinking has become a serious problem and "absolutely out of control"? I discovered that, despite the millions of words that have been written and spoken on the subject, there is no authoritative answer. "No comprehensive survey on this situation has ever been done in Canada," says David Archibald of Toronto, executive director of the Ontario Alcoholism Research Foundation. Rev. John Linton, secretary of the Canadian Temperance Federation, whose headquarters are also in Toronto, states, "Statistically, we're in the jungle as far as teen-age drinking is concerned." The subject is further obscured by the reluctance of many informed people to discuss it frankly and fully. "The topic of young people and liquor is pure dynamite," a university president explained to me. "No matter what I say I'll be in trouble with somebody. Don't mention me or my school."

Conflicting opinions voiced by psychiatrists, educators, temperance workers, religious leaders and lawyers have added to the public confusion about teen-age drinking. A New Brunswick father told me, "I'm teaching my children how to drink at home so they'll know how to handle themselves on the outside." On the other

hand, Rev. John Linton urges that children be taught total abstinence: "You never know which moderate drinker is liable to become an alcoholic." Linton believes that parents should set a good example by being teetotalers. If they can't abstain, then they should drink surreptitiously. "Not everything in the home has to go in front of the children—like sex for instance," he says.

I discovered a lack of agreement as to who was responsible for teaching children the facts about drinking and what should be taught them. Some educators, like Dr. Joseph Hirsh of New York University, claim that the schools should play the most important part in giving children a sane attitude toward drink. But Reverend A. M. Guillemette, director of the University of Montreal School of Social Work, says, "The youngster's habits are shaped by the family. No amount of school training will change that." As to what should be taught, provinces such as Ontario and British Columbia are content to present certain key facts about alcohol in their classrooms and let the students make up their minds about drinking. Manitoba, however, has courses in alcohol education frankly designed to produce total abstainers. Since seventy percent of all adult Canadians drink, the child is often confused by what he's taught at school and what he sees at home. For this reason, in its manual on alcohol studies, the Manitoba Department of Education warns its teachers to proceed "slowly and cautiously."

There's no general agreement on how legislation can promote a sane attitude toward drinking among the young. If existing provincial liquor laws were being obeyed, this article could not be written since anyone under twenty-one years of age is not permitted to drink. Yet nowhere in Canada does a youngster seem to have difficulty in obtaining drinks. In scores of communities he can get it from a bootlegger. In many he can walk into the provincial liquor store and buy a bottle without being asked for proof of his age. According to Archbishop Georges Cabana of Sherbrooke, in beer parlors and bars often "juveniles are served without question." Many citizen and church groups believe that fewer outlets and stricter control for alcoholic beverages would cut down teen-age drinking. But Dr. David A. Stewart, a clinical psychologist on the staff of the Ontario Alcoholism Research Foundation, says, "The number of taverns, bars and liquor stores has little to do with the amount teen-agers drink." This point of view is confirmed by three major American studies on the drinking habits of high-school students. Typical was the conclusion reached by researchers of Hofstra College, Hempstead, N.Y., after a study of one thousand students in Nassau County: "The law has no measurable influence on the use of alcoholic beverages by high-school students."

I found that the churches are divided, and individual churches are divided within themselves, on the drinking question. "Drinking moderately has found a respectability," editor-

ializes the United Church Observer. Half the United Church membership believe that drinking is contrary to scriptural teaching; they demand that total abstinence be made a condition of church membership. The other half—who are occasional or moderate drinkers—regard the prohibitionists as fanatical and intolerant. This ambivalence is reflected in the names adopted by anti-alcohol societies such as the Ontario Temperance Federation which, in practise, is strongly against drinking of all kinds, temperate or otherwise. "We don't want to be labeled as prohibitionist," says Rev. Gordon Domm, general secretary of the Ontario Temperance Federation.

But personal opinions and controversies aside, given below are the factual answers—or as close as one can come to them—to a number of questions I asked about youth and alcohol.

HOW MANY TEEN-AGERS DRINK AND HOW OFTEN? Half the high-school students polled in the Maclean's survey said they had consumed alcoholic beverages at one time or another. Eighty-five percent reported drinking less than once a month; nine percent once a month or more; six percent once a week or more. In a consistent pattern that runs throughout the entire survey, girls say they drink less often and in smaller amounts than boys.

The only other large-scale Canadian survey with which this study can be compared was conducted by D. R. Gilchrist, director of temperance education, Nova Scotia Department of Education. More than five thousand students in forty-three Nova Scotia high schools were questioned. Gilchrist concluded that forty-six percent of the teen-agers were drinkers—including those who indulged only on such special occasions as weddings and anniversaries. He placed thirty percent of the boys and girls in a "drinking group"—those who drank on these special occasions as well as at other times. Only two percent were classed as "moderate or frequent drinkers"—students who drank once a week or more.

Regarding age, Gilchrist discovered that twenty-two percent of his drinking group was made up of fourteen-year-olds. This proportion increased with age until fifty-two percent of the nineteen-year-olds were classified as drinkers. At all ages there were more than twice as many boys as girls in the drinking group.

Summing up, these surveys indicate that teen-agers, as a group, do little drinking. Of the half who say they drink at all, somewhere between two and six percent own to drinking with any regularity.

Officials of several Canadian universities admitted to me that instances of excessive drinking had taken place at their institutions—brawls at McGill's fraternity houses; drunkenness at Queen's, Toronto and Western Ontario football games; railway cars damaged during University of Saskatchewan week-end athletic excursions. But, according to Dr. Hugh Saunderson, president of University of Manitoba, "Perhaps more students drink but fewer of them drink to excess than in the past" **continued on page 51**

How teen-agers answer questions about drinking

Maclean's asked an independent agency which specializes in teen-age research to survey the drinking habits and attitudes of a representative cross-section of high-school youth in eight Canadian cities. Here are the answers that the teen-agers themselves gave to the interviewers:

Have you ever taken a drink?

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
YES	54.4%	46.6%	50.5%
NO	45.6%	53.4%	49.5%

If yes, how often do you drink?

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
LESS THAN ONCE A MONTH	77.3%	92.9%	85.1%
ONCE A MONTH OR MORE	11.5%	6.3%	8.9%
ONCE A WEEK OR MORE	10.9%	.8%	5.9%
NO ANSWER	.3%1%

Do you drink without the knowledge or consent of your parents?

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
YES	34.2%	14.2%	24.2%
NO	65.8%	85.8%	75.8%

Have you ever been tight?

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
YES	25.2%	2.6%	13.9%
NO	73.5%	92.9%	83.2%
NO ANSWER	1.3%	4.5%	2.9%

Where do you get your drinks?

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
HOME	61.0%	63.4%	62.2%
ACQUAINTANCE	40.9%	36.9%	38.9%
BAR OR TAVERN	10.9%	5.4%
BEER, WINE OR LIQUOR STORE	1.6%	.7%	1.2%
BOOTLEGGER	.6%	.7%	.6%

Totals exceed 100% because some students answered "yes" in more than one category.

Is it difficult to refuse a drink?

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
YES	4.0%	3.1%	3.5%
NO	93.2%	93.4%	93.3%
UNDECIDED OR NO ANSWER	2.8%	3.5%	3.2%

"One out of every four high-school students surveyed by Maclean's said he drank without the knowledge or consent of his parents."



Under her own portrait (at twenty-three) as star of her husband's troupe, Kitty relives the Marks' heyday.

The dazzling
Marks Brothers were the
greatest
impresario-performers
of our small-town
stage in the era before
the nickelodeon.
Here their breathless
world of Villainy
and Virtue is recreated
by a leading
lady of the troupe and
the family

MY LIFE WITH THE ORIGINAL MARKS B



Billboards blazoning the arrival of a Marks company were a common sight in most Canadian towns for half a century. May Bell, star of R.W.'s company, was also his wife.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK * BY KITTY MARKS * WITH FRANK CROFT

While I was listening to my bedside radio the other evening a singer started humming the old song, Take Back Your Gold. The studio audience was in fits. "Take back your gold, for gold will never buy me." Virtue in spades, all right. Today such songs are resurrected strictly for laughs. And although I could laugh with the radio audience, it was with a feeling of guilt. It was like laughing at a dear, simple old lady who had once been your friend, unwittingly making a fool of herself in sophisticated company.

For I used to sing that song, and many like it, such as My Mother Was A Lady and The Black Sheep Loves You Best Of All, and sang them in all seriousness for audiences of fifty years ago and more who took them seriously, just as they took seriously every line of those old dramas, Uncle Tom's Cabin, East Lynne and All For Love. And I played in scores of those "mellerdrammers" to a bygone generation in every kind of house from town halls with barn lanterns for footlights to well-equipped, electrically lit opera houses.

Today I am the only survivor of what some have called the most remarkable theatrical family in Canadian history, the Marks Brothers. Throughout the latter part of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of this one the Marks Brothers were to the Canadian theatre what the Conacher family has been to Canadian sport.

Five of the seven Marks brothers, including my husband Ernie, left their father's farm near Perth, in eastern Ontario, and one by one formed their own touring companies. This was in the era of stereopticons, burnt leather cushions, cross-channel balloon flights and the eleven-hour day. To the people of the time, starved for entertainment, the Marks brothers brought the latest London and New York plays, often pirated and presented under false titles to conceal the fact. We churned the emotions of rural and



They "churned the emotions" of eight million Canadians. Here they play the death scene from Under Two Flags.

was back east—where else?—at finishing school.

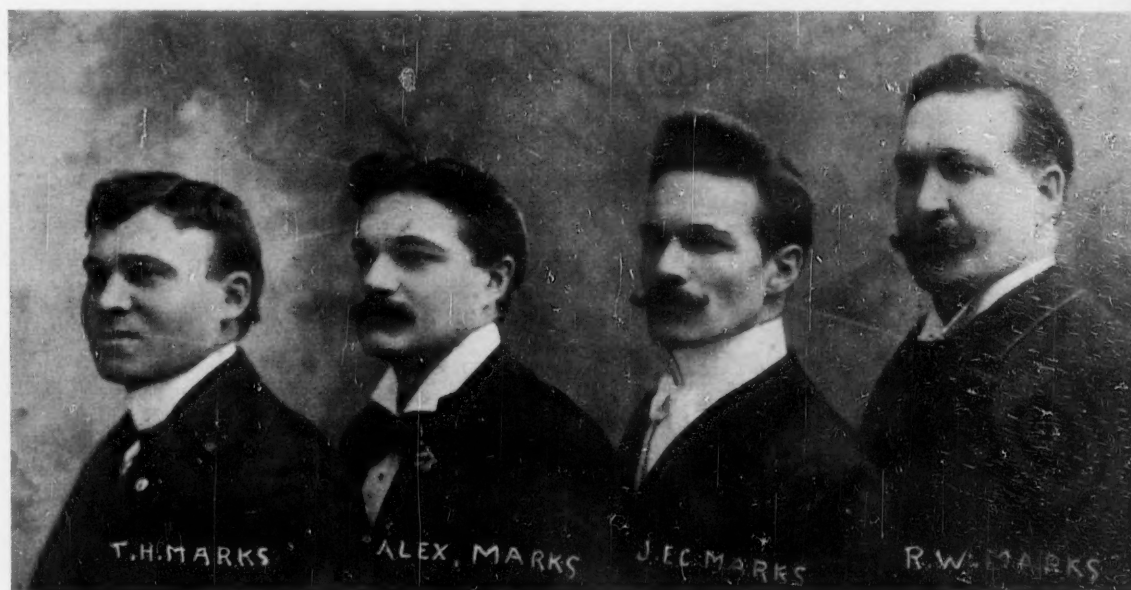
It may have been corny fare, but by the time the last Marks company had folded, in the Twenties, we had served it to an estimated eight million Canadians.

It was, as I remember it, a hard life. On more than one winter's night the male members of the company took turns tending the stoves all night in rooming houses and hotels to keep warm. There was no breakfast in bed—no baskets of roses awaiting you in the dressing rooms. I bore Ernie five children and in every case I stayed on the boards until I was seven months

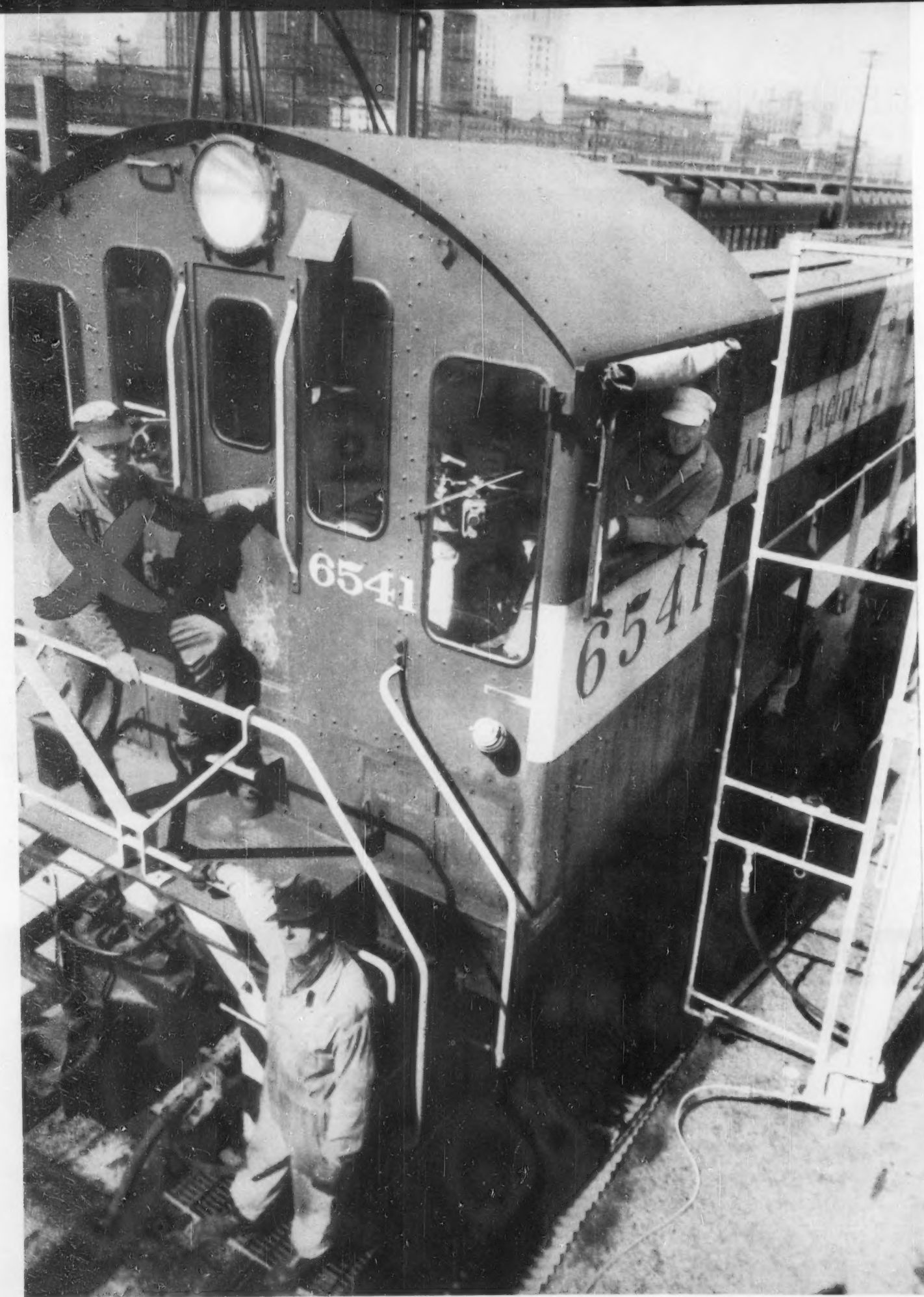
pregnant, and was back again a month after the child was born. The children traveled with us until they were three; then we sent them to a school in Brockville, my home town. It was a life of catching early trains, and often rehearsing in the coaches while the children, ours and those of other members of the company, played in the aisles or slept. Then we would be decanted on a station platform where our advance agent awaited us, ready to lead us to the hotel or boarding house he had picked out. Usually there was a hasty lunch and then a matinee performance. Right continued on page 58

THE MARKS BROTHERS

small-town Canada (and sometimes neighboring states) with Lady Isabel's death-bed scene in East Lynne when she pleads for her husband's blessing ere she dies. Isabel had two-timed husband Archibald in act one; she didn't get the blessing. We stirred them up with Eliza being chased across the ice by at least four and sometimes six bloodhounds, and more than once I have heard sobs come from an audience as Little Eva was borne heavenward by the angels. And, in Always On Time, we kept them spellbound when young Molly sat down to regain her father's ranch in a poker game with the villainous Mexican, Pedro, who had cheated the old boy out of the deed to the ranch while Molly



Five Marks Brothers founded troupes (Ernie, Kitty's husband, not shown). R.W., the eldest, started in 1870.



TRAIN CREWS

Featherbedding hit the news during firemen's strike last month. As a result of strike's failure, diesel fireman's job (red X) will be eliminated. In yard work, one man (the engineer) is considered enough to man the cab.

The fear behind featherbedding

Even unions admit paying men not to work is wasteful and corrupting. But if no better way is found to defend skilled men against new machines, the rail firemen's strike was only the first shot in a hopeless war

BY BLAIR FRASER

A month ago when an old dispute between the railways and their locomotive firemen ended in a strike, many Canadians whose sympathies normally lie with labor felt puzzled and exasperated. The question at the root of this strike seemed, on the face of it, absurd: Why was the international firemen's union willing (even though unable) to tie up the Canadian Pacific Railway, put thousands of fellow-railwaymen out of work, and half-paralyze a whole nation, all to keep fewer than a hundred junior firemen employed?

Even labor spokesmen thought the firemen's case was weak, and in private they frankly said so. Three judges had found that on the diesel locomotives in dispute, a fireman's major duties have totally disappeared and the minor ones are being performed by other people. The union was demanding nothing less than perpetual employment, at wages that average \$4,860 a year, in a job that has ceased to exist.

The demand is not unique or even unusual. The CPR wrangle was the latest in a long series between labor and management, most of which up to now have been settled on labor's terms. They are often cited by employers as evidence of the selfish wrongheadedness of "union bosses," and many indeed do sound like parodies of Alice in Wonderland.

To the Ontario Legislature's labor-relations committee, the Canadian Construction Association gave some examples from the building trade:

An insulating contractor undertook to install cork sheeting in the walls of a new building, using his regular staff. Carpenters and bricklayers both claimed this operation was an invasion of their territory, though in fact neither was needed for the job. To avoid a strike the contractor hired one of each. His regular crew handed each cork sheet to the carpenter, stood and waited while he cut it to size, then put a layer of adhesive on it, handed it to the bricklayer and waited while he pressed it into place.

This compromise, however imbecile it may seem, was moderate and sensible as jurisdictional disputes go. When the Imperial Oil building was going up in Toronto, the contractor installed a work elevator to carry men and materials to the upper floors. The operating engineers' union claimed the right to run it as a passenger lift. The elevator constructors' union said no, it was a freight elevator and therefore their territory. The contractor offered to hire two operators, one from each union, but neither would agree to that. Result: five hundred-odd men climbed stairs and ladders for nine months, right beside an elevator.

Every newspaper in Canada gets some advertisements in the form of matrices or molds, from which the ad can be cast directly without any setting of type. In union shops the type must be set anyway, for all local advertising. By what is known as the "bogus clause" in the contract, the typographical union stipulates that every local ad must be set up in the paper's own composing room, even if the type is then dumped back for remelting and never used. The cost of this waste motion across Canada is anyone's guess, but on one middle-sized afternoon paper it takes the work of one man for about three months in each year.

Some years ago a small Canadian revue went on tour. Its sole accompaniment was a two-piano team that traveled with the show. Whenever the troupe played in a union theatre, though, it was obliged to hire an orchestra—five to seven players, depending on the local contract. The orchestras never had to play, for the two pianos still provided all the instrumental music, but they had to be paid at union rates. The extra expense often made the difference between losing money and breaking even.

These are examples of "featherbedding," an aspect of trade unionism that few labor leaders try to defend. It is by no means new, and it is most often practiced by the oldest and most conservative craft unions. But lately it has grown more common, **continued on page 63**

THESE TRADES HAVE BEEN ACCUSED OF FEATHERBEDDING

Featherbedding is a loose term which means, generally, that men are being paid for doing nothing, or for doing useless work, or for working below the capacity of their skills. The unions shown below have all been criticized for various featherbedding practices.



BRICKLAYERS

They're called featherbedders because they'll lay only a certain number of bricks a day regardless of skill.



STAGEHANDS

Theatres must agree to hire a certain number for each production—whether or not they're needed to do the job.



CARPENTERS

They're said to featherbed because they insist skilled men do work that might be performed by casual laborers.

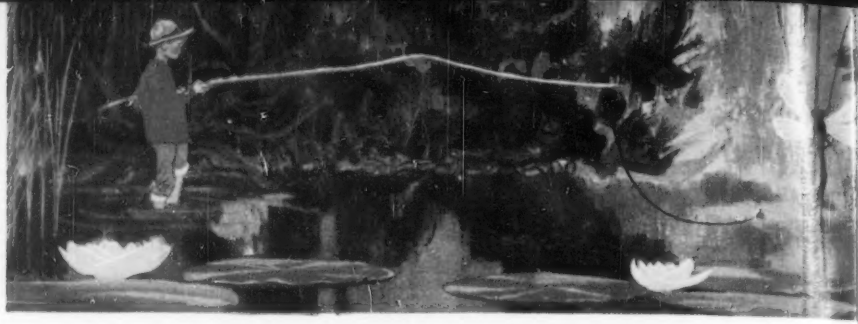


COMPOSITORS

A cast of this ad was used for actual reproduction. But union men still set it up in type after it went to press.

The secret life of a pond

In the hidden wonderland of an ordinary pond a population so vast it can barely
be comprehended fights ferociously for food and a brief moment in the sun



BY FRANKLIN RUSSELL

To most people a pond is merely a mosquito-ridden patch of stagnant water that smells of rotting weeds, can't be used for swimming or drinking, and gets in the way of road builders and real-estate developers. But to a naturalist it is a battleground for a host of weird creatures: the scene of a silent, relentless, invisible struggle for life by billions of fighting organisms.

In every type of pond—in swampy forest pools, in western sloughs and potholes, in farm ponds created with bulldozers, even in puddles—the struggle goes on endlessly. Perhaps nowhere in Canada has this everlasting aquatic fight for survival been studied by scientists as closely as in an oversized pond two miles from the downtown section of Hamilton, Ont. Although this pond is crossed by a bridge that carries a heavy stream of traffic, it has no name, few visitors and fewer admirers.

Behind its serene and disregarded beauty lies a gripping story of birth and death, of the hunter and the hunted, of charm and hor-

ror, that is typical of ponds everywhere in the world. It is almost a lake, its elongated shallow basin covering about six acres. It is surrounded by steep slopes covered with trees and is flanked by a rock garden maintained by the Royal Botanical Gardens of Hamilton. The gardens maintain the Dundas Marsh (also called Cootes Paradise) south of the pond.

The location of the pond close to Dundas Marsh's six hundred acres of aquatic plants, insects, fishes and wild fowl, is important. The area is one of Canada's largest field laboratories for scientists. It is particularly convenient for scientists at McMaster University and the dramas of life in marsh and pond are exhaustively chronicled in their notebooks.

But the pond remains mysterious. All its secrets aren't known. It may contain the answer to how life began on earth.

While we are still only at the surface of the deep mystery of life in the pond, we do know that at the beginning of any year there are billions of ruthless enemies in the pond

lying asleep side by side waiting for their chance to stalk, chase, ambush, and kill one another. We know that this one pond's inhabitants outnumber the earth's human beings many billions of times.

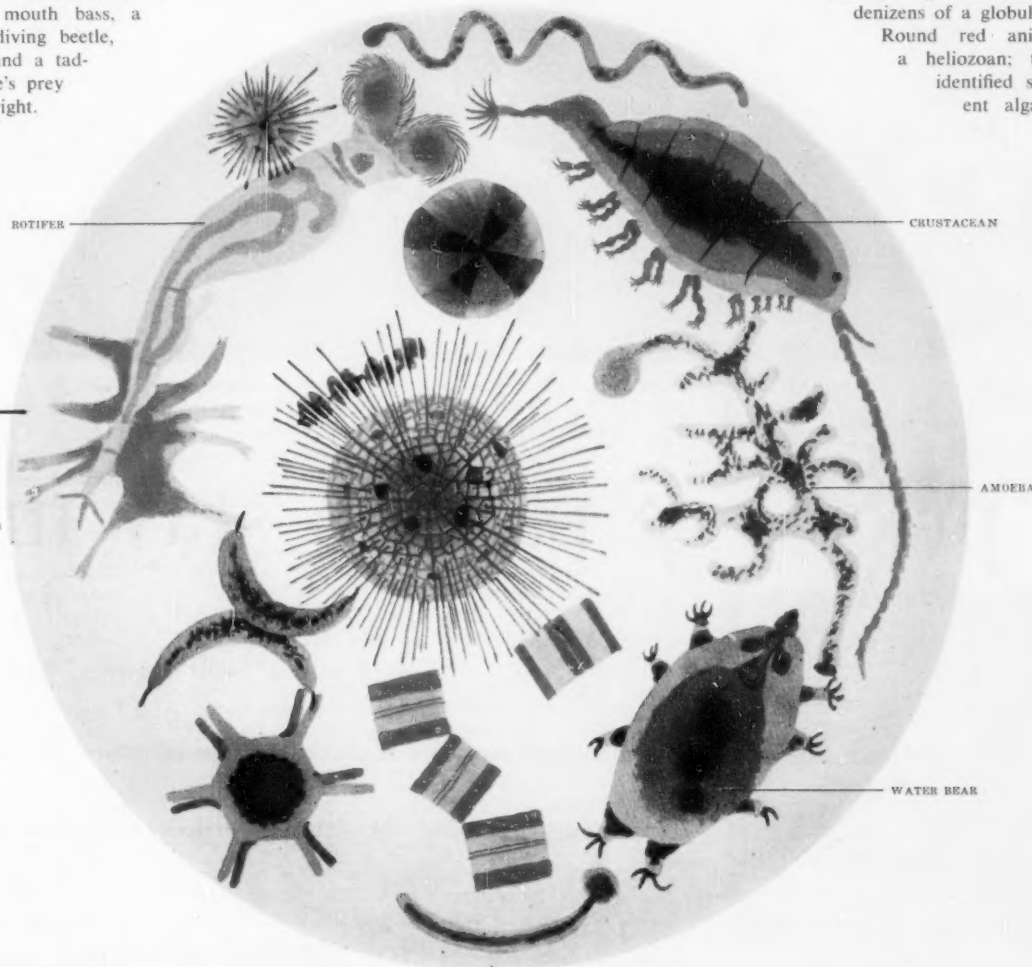
We know that as the motorists slither and skid on the bridge in mid-winter January, the creatures of the pond below are sinking toward their lowest ebb of life. Beneath the thick ice there is a repelling silence of seeming death. The ice above looks like an imperfectly translucent roof. The winter sun comes through in a pale and sickly glow. The wreckage of last summer's water plants straggles down from the clutch of the ice. The only signs of underwater life are some slow-moving sunfish, carp, pike, bass, perch, suckers, and perhaps some oversize goldfish which have been washed into the pond from the nearby rock garden.

An occasional muskrat swims underwater toward its ice-bound home in the shallows, and there are vague, mysterious flickerings of life in the shadow- **continued on page 44**

PAINTINGS BY BRUCE JOHNSON

THE UNDERWATER STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE

← No pond is safe from sudden death. In this cycle: a small mouth bass, a green frog, a great diving beetle, a dragonfly nymph, and a tadpole. For the tadpole's prey see the painting at right.



THE FIERCE WORLD WITHIN A WATERDROP

Greatly magnified, these are some of the denizens of a globule of pond water. Round red animal, centre, is a heliozoan; the smaller unidentified shapes are different algae and diatoms.

JOHNNY LONGDEN TELLS HIS OWN STORY • PART III



Another "final" injury: blown-up X-ray reminds the Longdens of Aug. 9, 1957, when his right leg was fractured in two places. In six months he was back in action.

The price I've paid to stay in racing

Longden has been thrown, kicked and rolled on by wild-eyed thousand-pound thoroughbreds for thirty-one years. Five times doctors have said he would never ride again. Now the famous jockey tells how he always came back

BY JOHNNY LONGDEN with TRENT FRAYNE

Ten hours after a horse spilled under me on a muddy track at Arlington Downs in Texas in 1935 I regained consciousness in a Dallas hospital and realized I'd never again ride a race horse. I was paralyzed from the waist down and the doctor came into my room and told me as gently as he could that I was through as a jockey.

This was the worst accident I ever experienced in my thirty-one years as a rider but the strange thing is I can't remember that horse's name. It was a Hawaiian name and the spill set in motion one of the most fascinating periods of my life, but I haven't been able to lay tongue to that horse's name for years.

Well, no matter. For a month I had no feeling in the lower half of my body and as I lay there in the hospital I wondered what I was going to do with my life. I know I wasn't afraid. I hated the knowledge that a crippled man could not race a thoroughbred but I rejected all thought of going back to the mines of Taber, the little southern Alberta town where I grew up. I had a fierce yearning to stay in racing, one way or another.

This wasn't my first serious spill, nor was it to be the last. In fact, over the years there have been five separate occasions on which doctors have told me I'd never ride again. But this was the only time I ever felt they might be right. I've been stepped on, kicked, rolled on and thrown by wild-eyed thousand-pound thoroughbreds. I've had a broken back, a broken collarbone, a broken foot twice and a broken leg three times. Ribs? I couldn't even guess the number of ribs I've had broken or the number of times I've been knocked unconscious. Once, at the old Whittier Park track in Winnipeg, I was in a coma for ten days after a spill. I've had half a dozen concussions, and just three years ago I had arthritis so bad that I couldn't move my left arm back past my hip and therefore was unable to use my whip on the left side of my horse.

A jockey must accept these things. Racing is a dangerous game and injuries have ended the careers of many men and ended the lives of others. I was there at Santa Anita the day my boyhood friend, Georgie Woolf, one of the greatest riders I ever saw, was killed in a spill twelve years ago. Georgie's dad kept horses on a farm near Raymond, not far from Taber, and we used to ride them as kids. Years later, when George had become famous as "The Iceman" because of the cold disregard he had for danger, he sneaked up on the rail on a horse called Bymeabond to beat me out of the \$100,000 Santa Anita Derby when I figured I had it won on the best filly I ever rode, one called Busher.

That was in 1945 and less than a year later Georgie rode his last race. It was on Jan. 3, 1946. The accident itself was a freak as race-track accidents go. As the field of six horses swung into the clubhouse turn after racing down past the grandstand in the fourth race, Georgie had Please Me running well, winging along on the rail clear of all interference, when suddenly he seemed to stumble. The unexpectedness of the move

threw Georgie off balance and he fell to the track on his head. I kept watching for him to get up but he just lay there. He never regained consciousness and the next day he died in hospital. But, as I say, danger is inherent in our business, and not many of us think about it. In my own case, there was just that one occasion, in 1935, when I figured my own career might be ended.

That time, feeling began returning to my lower body after about a month, and I started getting around on crutches. One day I read in the paper that there was a horse sale at Houston so I went over, thinking there might be one I could pick up cheap and that way stay in racing as an owner. I saw a horse I liked and after some early bidding I offered a thousand dollars. The horse looked too good to go at that price but, to my surprise, there were no further bids and I had myself a race horse. His name was Crown Head. I learned soon enough why no one had topped my bid.

At the Arlington Downs track the next morning I took Crown Head to the starting-gate and he simply went wild when a groom tried to lead him into it. It was then that an assistant starter, who was working the gate, told me that Crown Head was an outlaw.

An outlaw is a horse that for one reason or another has been barred from the tracks. Crown Head's reason was that no one had ever been able to get him into the gate. The stewards can't hold up races indefinitely for one horse so they rule him off.

I had been riding for the Winnipeg owner A. G. (Alf) Tarn when I'd been hurt and he was shipping his horses from Texas to Florida. He told me he'd take Crown Head to Miami with his horses if I still wanted to keep him. I decided to keep him but I recognized what a pathetic pair we made: a jockey who'd never ride again with a horse who'd been branded an outlaw.

In Miami I began to grow stronger and I started walking horses and ponying horses for Mr. Tarn. Then one day when I felt real strong I jumped on Crown Head's bare back and took him for a gallop. What a wonderful feeling it was; old Crown Head just seemed to fly. It took me back to the days I'd ridden bareback in Alberta when I'd herded cows as a boy and later ridden in the quarterhorse races at the fairs in Raymond and Lethbridge and Taber and the other southern Alberta towns.

Around the barn I began talking softly to Crown Head as he stood in his stall and I started bringing him apples. Pretty soon he began to look for me in the mornings. I went to the starter, Buddy Windfield, and I asked him if he'd help me school Crown Head at the starting gate. Buddy consented but the horse simply wouldn't go near that gate.

One morning I was standing with him in front of the gate and I had an inspiration.

"Hey, Buddy," I said to Windfield, "how about if you open that gate and I try backing him in?" The normal method of entering a horse in a gate is to lead him into his stall from the rear side.

Buddy opened the gate and Crown Head backed into one of **continued on page 32**

Longden's legendary horsemanship averts near-disaster in this unique photo-sequence



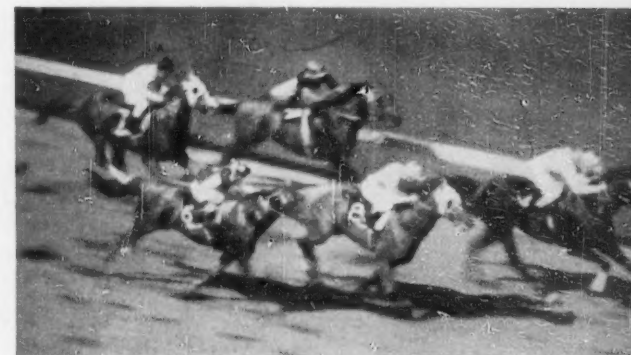
Hollywood Park, 1956: Longden's mount, Tribal Chief, was leading when he bolted for the rail . . .



. . . denting the aluminum bar and jolting Longden from the saddle. He managed to clutch its mane . . .



. . . "Somehow my feet hit the rail and I used it as a springboard to vault back in the saddle . . .



. . . but I'll tell you frankly, I don't know how I did it." Tribal Chief still finished fourth.



PEEKABOO, of 1874, sported by a prominent Montrealer who typifies the Notman sitters.



In another day William Notman photographed some

Here, in pictures



When I returned to Canada from Europe with a beard, eight years ago, it was quite handy for me to tell people on the telephone, "You'll recognize me; I have a beard." But recently I went to meet someone in the lobby of the King Edward Hotel in Toronto and another beard was there. When it happened again in a bar, then at an airport, I suddenly realized that a beard is no longer a novelty. In fact, I began noticing beards on all sides. The beard, in short, is staging a comeback.

Turn on television these days and what do you see but tufted Tommy Tweed telling some yarn, or Mitch Miller leading a band and looking like an Arabian sheik who lost his turban. Miller also has a radio program on CBS and many of his weekly guests have beards. So many radio and TV performers have beards that there's a story that when a Hungarian musician, newly settled in Toronto, got lost on his way to the CBC, he saw a man with a beard and followed him to the studio.

Step into a bookstore and you're surrounded by portraits of whiskers. Hemingway's safari look is familiar by now; but as distinct as their writing are



SOUP STRAINER, or garden variety Smith Brothers (of cough-drop fame), was pride of an 1857 alderman.



of the most exotic beards ever grown. Today writer Max Rosenfeld finds that his pays strange exciting dividends.

and in words, is an essay *In praise of the beard*

the beard styles of Rex Stout and Farley Mowat. Journalists are taking to beards too. Arnold Edinborough, editor of the Kingston Whig-Standard, has gone in for a trim goatee, while Robertson Davies, the playwright who edits the Peterborough Examiner, just lets his grow.

And jurists: a frequent sight in the Supreme Court of Canada is a coal-black Van Dyke, constantly wagging and pointing, as Morris Schumiatcher QC, a prominent Regina lawyer, argues a case. In Toronto Magistrates' Court the accused not only have Ralph Meakes' head and heart arguing in their defense, but also his Count Sforza beard. The legal profession is usually among the last to be influenced by a trend, so this one must be well established.

The beard today has even ceased to be an emblem of age; the majority of beards are on younger men, and most old men are shaven. We used to think of beards as a sign of old age because seventy-five years ago they were in vogue for all ages, and most memories don't go back that far. But I'm pretty certain that the clean shave will soon be the mark of the elderly and the conservative.

There is a deep primitive urge in the male to let his whiskers grow every which way without ever taking thought for the morrow's razor blade. Plenty of men, making their grim rounds with smooth chins, sustain themselves with thoughts of holiday time when they can get on a boat for Europe and start growing a Left Bank *barbouche*, or take a canoe trip in Algonquin Park, sporting Kon Tiki whiskers, or sit on the cottage porch in a rattan chair, glass in hand, with the advanced five-o'clock shadow of a beachcomber. Before shaving, they all take snapshots to prove they could do it.

I brought my beard home to amuse my family. I intended to take it off but I noticed several things that made me realize I'd be parting with a magic wand.

The night I landed in New York it was impossible to get a hotel room because a flood of conventions had hit the city. At the reservation desk of the Biltmore, customers were being turned away when a manager turned up, ordered my bags taken care of and assured me that something would certainly be arranged. Later, he escorted me to a small ballroom

where a cot had been set up in the middle and my bags arranged on a table; the adjoining corridor was blocked off with screens to give me exclusive use of a public washroom. As the manager bowed and bade me good-night he said, "I hope you will like America."

In Toronto I walked into Ryerson Institute of Technology and was hired immediately to take charge of the French department, strictly on the strength of my beard. I showed neither diploma nor certificate and all year no one presumed to check on whether I could actually speak the language.

When I entered a department store or a market a salesman would spot me instantly and rush up to wait on me. Unless a person was a big tipper he could patronize the same restaurant for years and be just another customer. If I went to the same place two or three times, the waiters produced the service only due an habitué.

But I feel foreign restaurants owe it to me. Several times I overheard people in them, looking in my direction, remark, "Must be a good place; their own people eat here."

Of course, a lot depends on how the beard is worn.

Story and pictures continue overleaf



IMPERIAL, made popular by Louis Napoleon of France, was a proud bushy T worn by a man-about-town in 1888.



DOUBLEDECKER came to Canada in the Eighties. It was in vogue particularly among older clubmen in London.



PICCADILLY WEEPER, 1885. Prime Minister Sir Charles Tupper cultivated a shorter version.



UPSWEPT effect was achieved by this 1893 man of distinction by parting a full beard and brushing.



NEWGATE FRINGE was an old-man's style, popular in England 50 years before this sitter posed in 1892.



LADYKILLER, or young man's version of an Imperial, lent a trim and devilish touch to this dandy of 1894.



HAYMOW, or you name it, half hid this doctor in 1893. Advocates of the beard claimed the hair kept out germs.

Royal to roguish, all kisses tickled when beards ran riot



*The whiskered set
not only copied
Edward VII's beard,
they even started
looking like him*

IN CANADA supporters of the beard include Canadian Press writer Bill Boss (left); Arnold Edinborough, editor of the Kingston Whig-Standard; playwright, author, and editor (of the Peterborough Examiner) Robertson Davies.



Is the beard coming back?
Some writers, editors, actors and
musicians are wagging
whiskered chins in support of
a revival of the hairy age

IN THE UNITED STATES these five are numbered among the dedicated whisker worshippers: (back row) Commander Edward Whitehead ("The Man from Schweppes"), mystery author Rex Stout, and pianist-orchestra leader Skitch Henderson; (front row) composer-arranger Mitch Miller and actor-singer Burl Ives.



In praise of the beard continued

I went into a bank, dressed in a sport shirt and slacks, to cash some travelers' cheques, and slouched at the counter as I waited. The manager looked at me distrustfully, stepped up and firmly said, "No!" before I had a chance to tell him what I wanted. I'd have done better, I know, if I'd worn a necktie and jacket.

In one week I got to know all the neighbors on my street, through the children. They had never seen a beard before and their straightforward questions often embarrassed their parents; I tried to assure them it was the only way children could learn and we got into friendly conversation.

With the beard, however, I couldn't get away with anything; I had to be well-behaved of necessity. I couldn't even raise my voice because I would be looked at. Once I was downtown and saw a headline, **BEARDED SLASHER LOOSE IN CITY**. I quickly jumped into a taxi and went home.

But conspicuousness, I told myself, thinking of Alexander the Great, is not only a burden but a responsibility. When Alexander ordered his soldiers to shave so that in the thick of battle the enemy could not seize his men by their beards and so destroy them, Alexander would not shave himself. His great full beard made him conspicuous; he knew the danger and the glory and he went, bearded, in the lead.

There is sufficient evidence on hand now to confirm that we are in for a bearded era, according to Dr. Edmund Carpenter, a professor of anthropology at the University of Toronto. But

he claims that all the bearded men are rationalizing: "The reason men are growing beards is that it's the only thing women can't do."

Carpenter recently questioned twelve hundred students about rebirth. Only two men said they wanted to be reborn as women, but more than a third of the women wanted to be reborn as men. Questionnaires at American universities have revealed that more coeds than male students now smoke. Motivation Research Inc., a firm of industrial psychologists, says if this fact becomes known smoking will go out because it has ceased to be the masculine thing to do. (As a result cigarette manufacturers have switched to male models in their ads.)

And remember the old rimless glasses on beardless men? When women started wearing them, men turned to silver rims. Then women took to wearing silver rims and men took up horn-rimmed glasses. But it was no use, for women not only adopted the horn-rimmed ones, but covered them with rhinestones. How will she compete with the Hathaway patch? Blind herself in both eyes?

I also find it significant that although upward of ninety percent of the clientele of a Toronto restaurant, the Georgian Room, are women, the most popular item on the menu is the Businessmen's Luncheon.

Women, says Carpenter, the anthropologist, not only want to do men's work but want to beat men at it. And the latest trend? Why, women have become bull fighters. Advertisements show

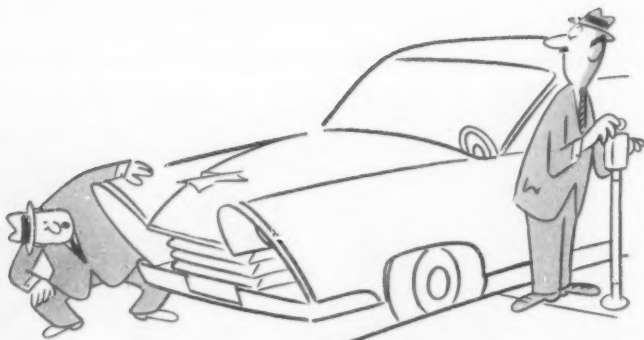
matador pants, boleros and cummerbunds—for women!

Thus the rising generation is brought up in dense ignorance that there ever *was* such a thing as masculine authority. In that great source of juvenile education, the comic strip, do we find father held up as a person to respect, or husbands with any trace of authority? Jiggs is an abused worm. Dagwood is a bumbling moron. Television programs, cartoons, short stories, all teach children that the male is now an *inferior* sex.

Now it's more than a coincidence, in my view, that the great days of the beard—the 1850s and thereafter—were also the great days of masculine dignity. Doctors, whose profession then required dignity and inscrutability more than medical knowledge, began cultivating their beards while they were still in medical school, so that they would be adequately badged by the time they began practicing. Patent-medicine and soap manufacturers had one or more bearded faces on their labels. The famous Smith Bros. trademark originated at this time. Beards of bank presidents and general managers reinforced the respect in which their institutions were held.

The playwright and birdwatcher, Lister Sinclair, figures he doesn't need any more dignity; he refers to his beard as the Arab's armpit. But when he appears on television he and the station are deluged with razor blades, electric-shaver advertisements, scissors and combs.

Personally, I find that most women like the beard, but not on "My continued on page 38



"You left your headlights on—I think."

Sweet & sour

I'm reading my way to success

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

Pamphlets I've Recently Purchased

HOW TO SHATTER PAR	Round of 122, including a 14 on 7th hole.
MODERN JAZZ PIANO FOR EXPERTS	First four bars, Bye Bye Love, one finger only.
GROW YOUR OWN FOOD	13 radishes (8 rather small), 3 cornstalks in fair condition.
YOU CAN REEL IN THE BIG ONES	Two dozen bites, one bass under legal limit, one left blue sneaker size 8½.
HOW TO WIN PRIZE CONTESTS	In tie-breaking contest (first level), with 8,742 other entrants.
ANYBODY CAN WATER SKI	Earache, clogged left sinus.
SPEED UP YOUR TENNIS	Hitting ball into net considerably faster.
BE YOUR OWN ELECTRICIAN	Changed fuse yesterday with perfect results.
WINNING BRIDGE	Losses cut from average of \$3.90 per session to \$1.65.
DEFEND YOURSELF	Inconclusive—no fights.



"Very particular place, this, Henry."

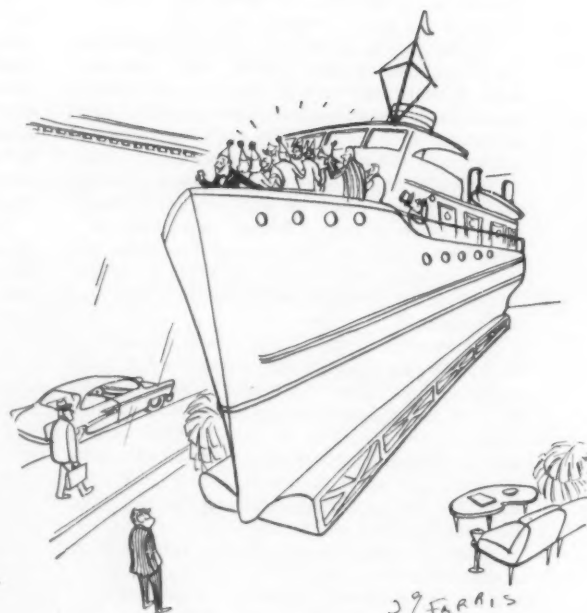


CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED

By Peter Whalley



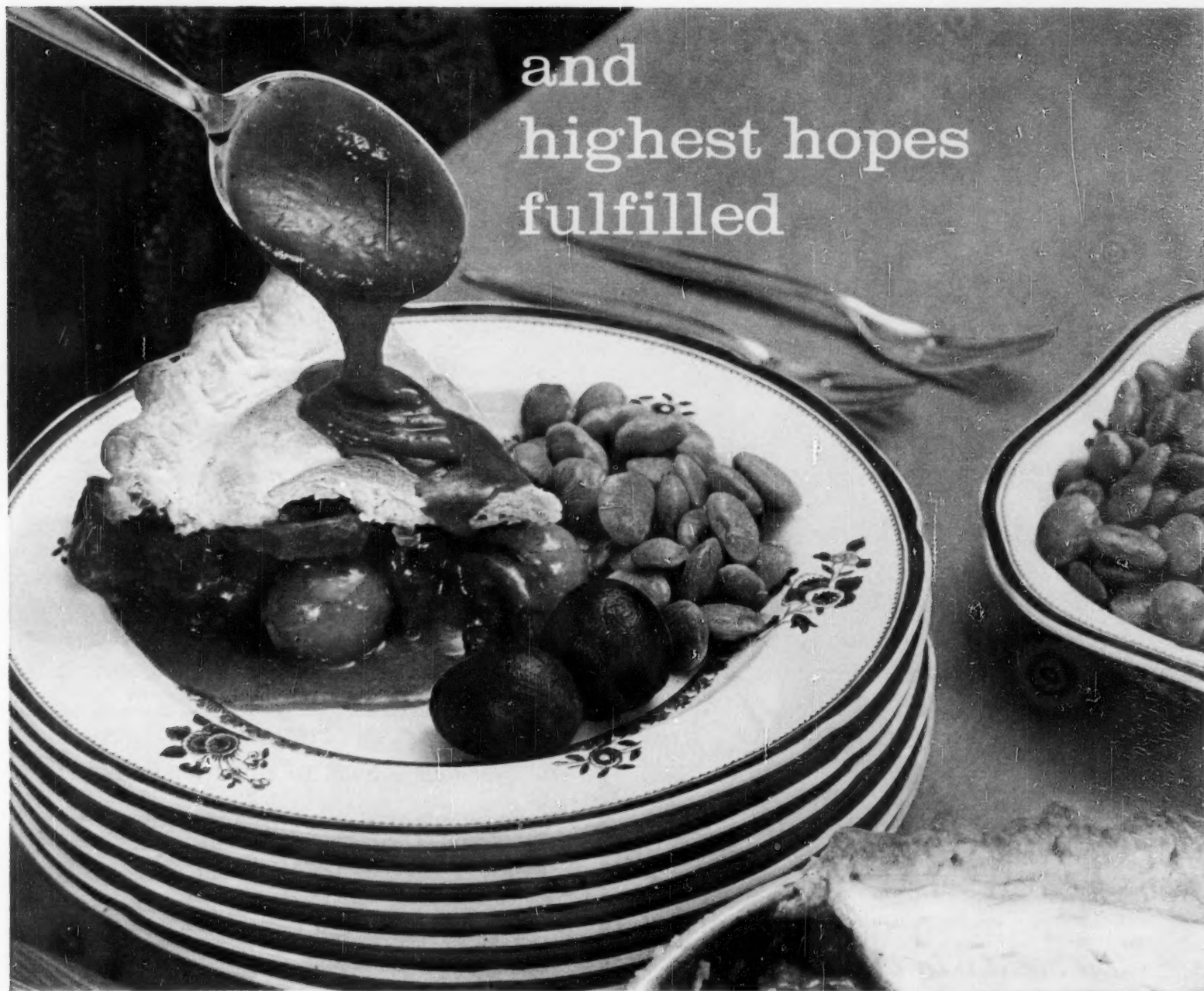
CAPTAIN COOK ON THE PACIFIC COAST 1778



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All across Canada, folks keep asking for "CP" foods. As a result, we have been able to build producing plants and branches within hours of

almost every point in our ten provinces. That fact gives us a neighbourly feeling for all our good friends from coast to coast.

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Discerning hosts can offer their guests no better drink than Scotch Whisky — especially when it's "Black & White". This fine Scotch has a smooth mellow flavor and extra quality all its own.



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SCOTCH WHISKY
BUCHANAN'S

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to Her Majesty the Queen



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James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland
Available in various bottle sizes

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

KINGS GO FORTH: A tough, high-minded little lieutenant (Frank Sinatra) and a shallow, charm-boy sergeant (Tony Curtis) are the principals in this well-acted drama of love and war. In their quite different ways they both fall under the spell of a young French girl (Natalie Wood), not knowing that her father was a Negro. Leora Dana is memorable as the mademoiselle's white American mother, a woman of uncommon courage and sensitivity.



ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE: A Canadian writer, Stanley Mann, did the screenplay for this sudsy drama about an American newshen (Lana Turner) who loses her heart to a married BBC reporter during the final phases of the Hitler war. Then he dies in a plane crash, and the lady and her beloved's unsuspecting widow (Glynis Johns) become warm chums until one day... and so on. Rating: poor.

THE GODDESS: Paddy Chayefsky, the author of *Marty*, seems to have bitten off more than he can chew in this synthetic and overdrawn melodrama about a slum girl (Kim Stanley) who attains stardom but is crippled emotionally in Hollywood. Virgil Thomson's slender musical score is much better than the film it adorns.

MACABRE: A hollow and phony horror-melodrama, most of the action centring around a windy graveyard at midnight. It's a formidable candidate for inclusion among the worst movies of 1958.

THE MARK OF THE HAWK: Race problems in present-day Africa are explored, not very probingly, in a drama which partly makes up in sincerity what it lacks in originality of story. With Sidney Poitier, Eartha Kitt, Juano Hernandez, John McIntire.

RIFI: A French crime-and-suspense yarn (with a dubbed English soundtrack) in which one sequence is worth the ticket-price all by itself: a wordless half-hour close-up of a major burglary in a Paris jewelry shop.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Albert Schweitzer: Documentary. Good.
All at Sea: British comedy. Good.
All Mine to Give: Drama. Fair.
Bitter Victory: War drama. Fair.
The Bridge on the River Kwai: Action drama. Tops.
The Brothers Karamazov: Drama. Good.
Carve Her Name With Pride: True-life espionage drama. Good.
Chase a Crooked Shadow: British suspense thriller. Good.
Cinerama Holiday: Ultra-widescreen travelogue. Good.
Cowboy: Western. Good.
Cry Terror!: Suspense. Good.
Dangerous Exile: Costume drama. Fair.
Davy: Drama with music. Fair.
Desire Under the Elms: Sexy farm melodrama. Good.
The Enemy Below: War at sea. Good.
The Gypsy and the Gentleman: Costume melodrama. Fair.
High Cost of Loving: Comedy. Good.
High Flight: Air-force drama. Fair.
I Accuse!: Historical drama. Good.
The Lady Takes a Flyer: Aviation adventure-romance. Fair.
Lafayette Escadrille: Air-war and romance. Poor.
The Long, Hot Summer: Deep South comedy-drama. Good.

Marjorie Morningstar: Show-business romantic drama. Good.
Merry Andrew: Comedy. Good.
Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.
The Naked Truth: Comedy. Good.
Paris Holiday: Comedy. Fair.
Paths of Glory: Drama. Excellent.
Peyton Place: Drama. Good.
Portrait of a Princess (formerly Story of Vickie): Comedy-drama. Fair.
Rooney: British comedy. Good.
Run Silent, Run Deep: Submarine drama. Good.
Saddle the Wind: Western. Good.
St. Louis Blues: Biography with music. Poor.
Sayonara: Japan drama. Good.
Screaming Mimi: Suspense. Poor.
The Sheepman: Western comedy-drama. Good.
The Silken Affair: Comedy. Fair.
Teacher's Pet: Comedy. Good.
3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good.
Touch of Evil: Drama. Fair.
Underwater Warrior: Frogman comedy-drama. Fair.
Violent Playground: Drama. Fair.
Wild Is the Wind: Sexy farm melodrama. Good.
Windom's Way: Drama. Good.
Witness for the Prosecution: Courtroom comedy-drama. Good.
The Young Lions: War drama. Good.



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Johnny Longden tells his own story continued from page 23

No jockey would last long if he thought about what those steel-shod hoofs can do to him

the stalls as calm as a lamb. Then we closed the gate and he stood there nice and easy. When Buddy sprang the doors, old Crown Head came thundering out of that gate like Man o' War.

Galloping Crown Head bareback seem-

ed to help me, too, and soon I had my strength completely back and was ready to ride again. The rules of racing do not permit a jockey to own a horse so I sold Crown Head to Mr. Tarn. We satisfied the stewards that he would behave at the

gate, and entered him in a race. A groom backed him into his stall and he went in without a fuss. We won the race. As a matter of fact, Crown Head won nine straight races and turned out to be one of the best buys Mr. Tarn ever made.

And, of course, I kept right on riding. I guess it was because of this experience that I've never been able to go along with the doctors who tell me I'm through. My own philosophy about the dangers of riding is that you're as apt to be hit by a car on the street as hurt by a horse on the race track. No jockey would last long if he stopped to think about what steel-shod hoofs that can travel a mile in a minute and a half might do to him. I guess I'm a fatalist. I used to like that popular song, *Whatever Will Be, Will Be*. That sums it up.

A jockey *does* give it some thought, I'll confess, when it happens to him. I remember once I won a race with a horse called *With Regards* and I was unsaddling him when he suddenly turned so that his back was to me and let me have it in the stomach with both hind feet. I keeled over, the wind knocked out of me. This is a weird sensation, as though someone has slammed a door full in your face. For a split second you see a pool of white light and then a dark curtain drops across the pool. But in the great majority of my accidents everything seems to be numb when it first happens and then afterward, in the ambulance or in the hospital, the pain starts to come.

I was riding a filly called *Dine and Dance* at the Jamaica track outside New York one time and I was about four or five lengths in front. We were heading down the stretch when a piece of paper blew across the track and the filly reared. She went right over the rail and I landed on it and bounced back on the race track. Eddie Arcaro was coming up behind me and he couldn't do anything but run right over me and so he went down, too.

They took us to the race-track hospital and they were looking us over when the pain came in my foot and I knew it was badly hurt.

But I didn't want to say anything about it because the next day I was booked to ride in the \$50,000 Butler Handicap on a horse called *First Fiddle*. A man named Eddie Mulrehan owned *First Fiddle* and he didn't want anybody else to ride him because the horse seemed to run for me where he wouldn't run for anybody else.

That night I called up a doctor I knew and went over to see him. He took X-rays and, as I'd suspected, my foot was broken. I called up Eddie Mulrehan and told him.

"My gawd, John, that's awful," Eddie said. "How are you feeling?"

I knew what he was getting at, so I told him I'd ride *First Fiddle* the next day if he wanted me to.

"Well, I want you to, all right, but do you want to risk it?"

"Listen, it's your purse," I said. "If you're game enough to let me ride him, I'll ride him."

The next day I got the doctor to stuff my foot full of novocaine, and he pumped it in till I thought he'd break his needle. Boy, that foot was "dead" for sure.

We got a bad start in the Butler, but *First Fiddle* was a game horse and we began picking up the field one by one and we came on in the stretch to win the race.

That night I had to go to the hospital to have a cast put on my foot and the next morning I wanted to get out of bed but I couldn't. My back bothered me.

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They took X-rays of it. I had two broken vertebrae. So I'd won the Butler Handicap with a broken foot and a broken back.

I had to be put in a cast. The doctor said I might never ride again. And I was out for six months.

Sometimes you're more scared when a horse doesn't go down than when he does. I mean when he falls it happens so fast that you're really not aware of it until afterward. But when he doesn't fall but feels as though he might you can sometimes feel the beginnings of panic. I remember riding a horse called Rich Mixture at Santa Anita who hit the stretch four lengths on top. But the horses that pull the starting gate had begun to move the gate in the infield in preparation for the next race. Their movement caught my eye and I guess it caught Rich Mixture's eye because he just went haywire.

He bolted toward the outside fence, away from the frightening movement in the infield, and I thought for a moment he was going to jump the fence and run wild in the grandstand area. I went to work on him with my hands and whip and with my right leg, and I beat him hard on the right side of his head to keep him from crashing the fence. I got him straightened out, but he was wild-eyed. He went right down the outside rail and he won the race in a photo-finish. Sure, I was scared for a minute there. I just didn't know what that horse was going to do.

No time to bail out

Another time, a couple of years ago at Hollywood Park, I was in front on this horse Tribal Chief when, for no apparent reason, he started pulling up at the eighth pole—that is, with an eighth of a mile to go. I got into him with the whip and when I did he ducked sideways and bounced into the aluminum rail, put a dent in it and bounced right back onto the track again, still running. The collision jarred me loose from the saddle and I went right over the side of the horse.

But some sixth sense told me the horse wasn't going to go down, so instead of bailing out I grabbed his mane. They told me afterward that I'd gone over so far that no one could see me from the grandstand while that horse was roaring down the track.

Well, I was clutching his mane and then my feet hit the rail and I used it as a springboard to vault back up into the saddle. I'll tell you frankly, I don't know how the hell I did it. My horse was fourth as we went under the wire and I finished the race without my feet in the stirrups or my hands on the reins. I was still clutching that handful of mane.

Back in 1949 I was up on a horse called Kit Carson. This was more than just another horse—it was owned and trained by my son Vance. Kit Carson was really the first horse Vance had trained since he'd graduated from college as a veterinarian. He had, naturally, a great sentimental attachment for it.

Anyway we were racing at Tanforan, near San Francisco, and we were in front by five lengths and in no trouble. Then I could feel this horse start to go. One of his front legs seemed to be crumbling and he was behaving like a table that suddenly loses one of its legs. I took hold of the reins with everything I had in my arms and shoulders and hands; I kept his head up and he didn't go down although he felt like he had to go down all the way to the wire.

As we discovered after the race, he'd somehow broken a whole mess of bones

around his knee. We realized we'd have to have him destroyed. This was an awful blow to Vance. But he called the track vet and I'll never forget the picture of him standing in the stall beside his horse, holding him while the vet prepared a needle of strychnine. The tears were rolling down Vance's cheeks, and then he and the doctor quickly jumped back when the vet plunged the needle into Kit Carson's neck. The horse reared straight up in the air, as they do, and then he fell down dead the instant the strychnine hit his heart.

I've had many a near-spill like that one on Kit Carson, but it's not always the horses that provide a sense of danger in a race, not directly anyway. You feel it when you're in a race with new jockeys just starting out. They don't quite know what they're doing or where they're going and they can make it bad.

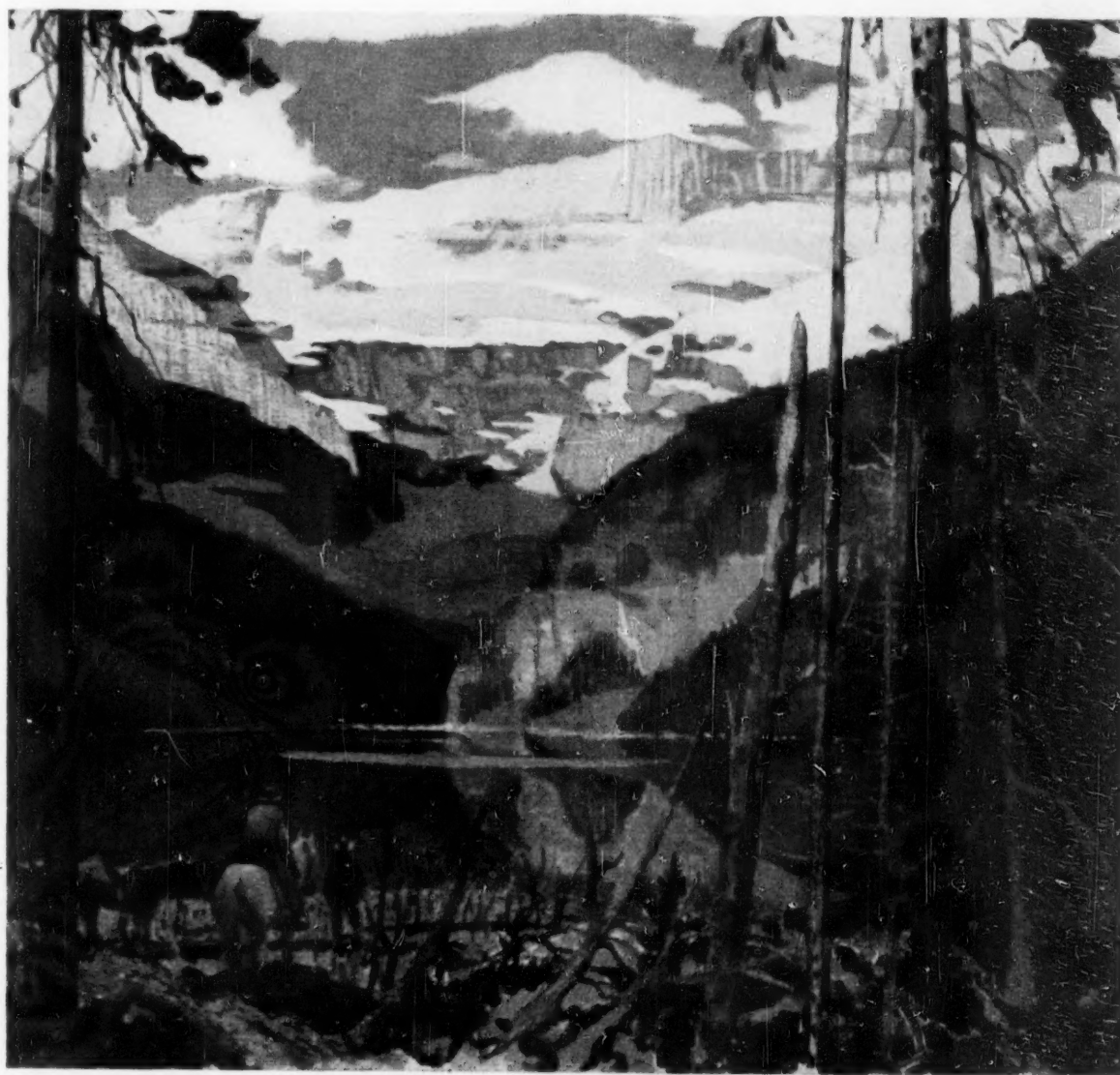
You kind of have to ride for those new jocks, figuring all the possible things they might do and being ready for anything. With an old rider, like Arcaro or Westrope or Shoemaker, you know exactly what he's going to do in a given

situation. A young boy might head for a hole and then change his mind and go the other way or pull his horse up quickly. When he does that he's apt to go down and if you're not anticipating him you're apt to go down with him.

I suppose I caused the older boys more than their share of trouble when I was a young jockey. Back in the early Thirties on the prairie circuit of western Canada I remember an afternoon at Whittier Park in Winnipeg when I went down three times in the first three races! One of those horses, Silent Sweetheart, was

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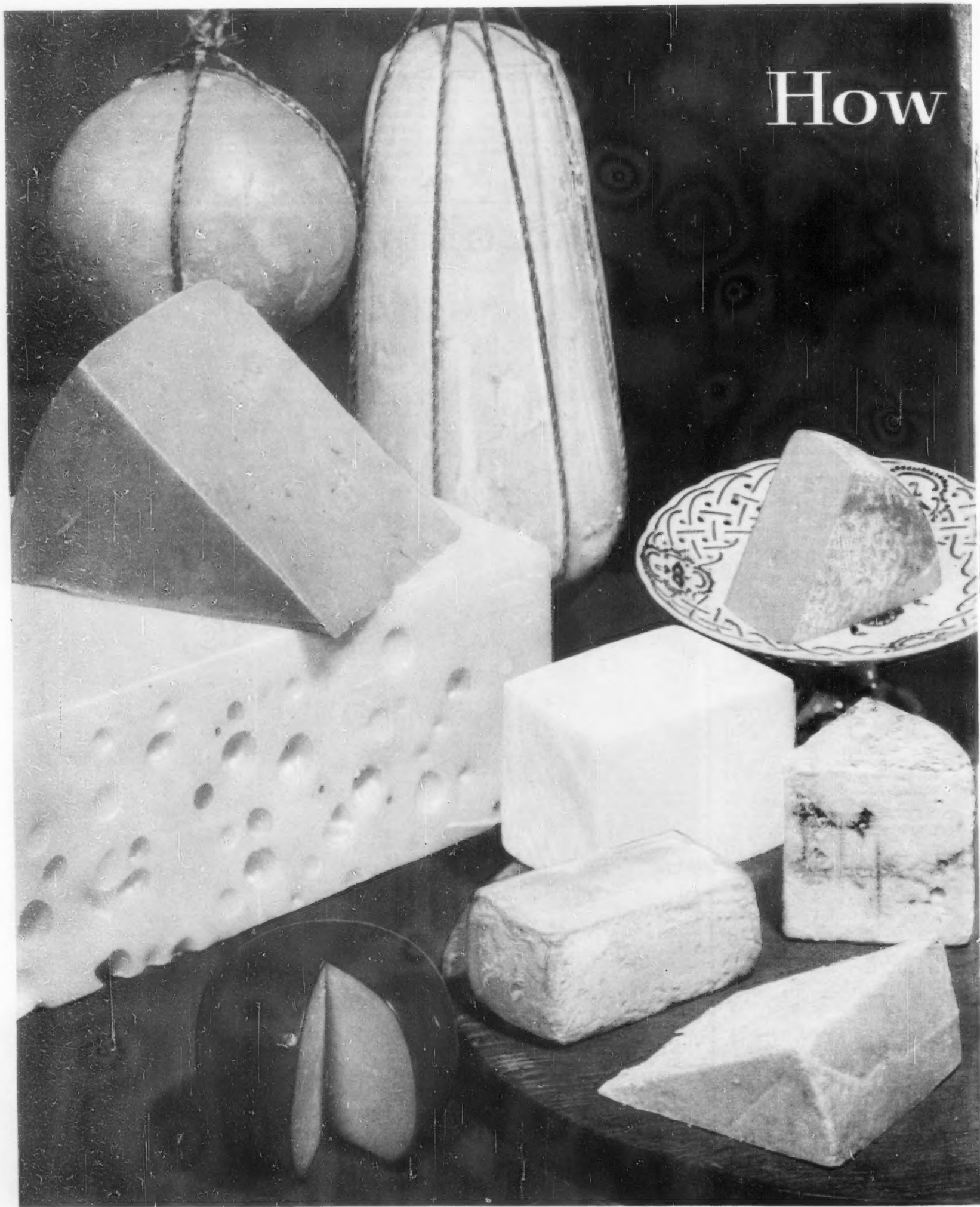
Generations of Canadians since 1883 have enjoyed the distinctive flavour and bouquet of this fine whisky, and have made it a favourite for every gracious occasion.

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"83"
Canadian Whisky

How



many can you name?

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What could be more intriguing than savoring unique and delicious cheeses you've never tried before? Try a nut-sweet Swiss, a colorful Gouda or a richly flavored Roquefort—each has a distinct character and personality you'll enjoy! And Kraft brings them all to you in convenient sizes and many forms, including handy slices and wedges. Treat your family and guests to the pleasure of gourmet cheeses. Your grocer has a wide variety, so see him *soon*!

1. GOUDA

This scarlet-coated Holland cheese is now also made here in Canada, in its traditional spherical shape. Kraft brings you both the imported and domestic varieties. Gouda's texture is smooth and medium-soft, its flavor mild and sweeter than cheddar, and its covering a bright red paraffin. Gouda makes an excellent addition to cheese trays and desserts! Try a "Baby Gouda"—it weighs less than a pound!



2. SWISS

A universal favorite, Swiss cheese is a cow's milk cheese made in loaves or wheels weighing from 150 to 225 pounds. It has a firm texture, characterized by "eyes" or holes throughout the cheese, with a delicate, nut-like flavor. Kraft brings you Swiss cheese in rectangular blocks or in handy slices, imported or domestic. Look for the Kraft Brand.



3. BRICK

A Muenster-type cheese, Brick probably got its name from its distinctive brick shape. It originated in North America, and is a favorite buffet and sandwich cheese, having a semi-soft texture and a wide flavor range . . . from mild to quite strong, depending on the degree of curing. Kraft packages Brick cheese blocks and convenient slices. Look for the Kraft name.



4. ROQUEFORT

This piquant, crumbly cheese is made only in France, and carefully cured in the limestone caves near Roquefort. Light in color, Roquefort cheese is streaked throughout by green-blue veins, and is highly-flavored, rich and tangy cheese. It is imported by Kraft directly from France, cut and wrapped in neat 4-ounce wedges. Look for Roquefort with the name Kraft on the label.



5. TILSIT

A hard white cheese, Tilsit was originally produced in East Prussia, and is sometimes known as Ragnit. Today, several Baltic countries make and export this cheese, which is aged in cool cellars from 4 to 6 months to acquire its characteristic texture and flavor. Slightly sweet in taste, Kraft Tilsit is a popular dessert and cracker cheese, and comes to you in 8-oz. cello-wrapped wedges.



6. LIMBURGER

Limburger is among the most delicate and difficult cheeses to make. This soft, flavorful cheese, first made in Belgium, was the first of the "fancy" foreign cheese types to be made successfully in North America. Strong in both odor and taste, Limburger continues to ripen right up till the time it's eaten. Kraft Limburger is foil wrapped in convenient 7-oz. blocks.



7. ROMANO

Probably the most popular of all the Italian cheeses, Romano was first made centuries ago in the hills around Rome. Excellent Romano cheese is now being made in this country. Characterized by a firm, rather granular texture, a sharp, salty flavor, and a black, brittle rind, it is ideal for grating and cooking, especially in Italian dishes. Look for Kraft Romano in neat 6-oz. wedges.



8. PROVOLONE

Provolone is a hard cheese made in Italy from cow's milk. It is formed in pear or sausage shapes (or in small balls called Provoletti) . . . and tied with ropes of twine before being hung to smoke. The light tan surface hides a firm white interior with a sharp, smoky flavor. Kraft Provolone Slices are ideal for sandwiches, cheese trays, dessert and crackers.

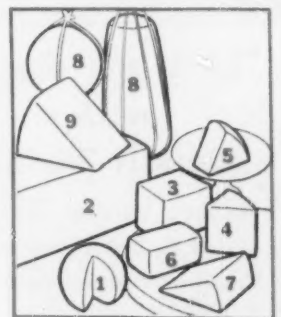


9. CHEDDAR

Made in this country, Cheddar was named for the little English village where it was first made. For years, big cheddar wheels at the grocers' were cut on demand. Firm in texture, it ranges from mild when new to very sharp when thoroughly aged. Kraft Cracker Barrel Brand Cheddar, in airtight 8 and 12-oz. wedges, comes in 4 flavors: Mild, Medium, Old, Extra Old. Mild now comes in a 16-oz. economy wedge.



(By the way, how many cheeses were you able to name? All 9? You're a connoisseur; 8-6: You're a gourmet; 5-4: Good! Now try the other varieties. Less than 3: You've missed a lot of good eating!)



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PILSENER the light beer with satisfying mildness **CRYSTAL** relaxing, refreshing lager beer **50** the friendly, lighter ale **IPA** it's vigorous... a man's ale

in front by a full ten lengths, and fell.

But there were unusual circumstances that day. The weather was murky and drizzling, and the track was deep in mud. After the third race, Judge George Schilling, the presiding steward, held up the races and ordered that the track be disked. After that, I won four races in a row. There are stories, apparently, that I was known as Jockey Fall-Off in those days but I must say I never heard the term until just recently when somebody asked me about it. It was news to me.

I had one bad spill at Whittier on a horse called Brookwood. When he went down the horses behind us had no way of avoiding me as I lay on the track, cradling my head in my arms. Their hoofs kept thudding into my back and into the back of my neck. Then I was out cold. I was in a coma for ten days, and that was another time the doctors said it was unlikely I'd ever ride again if, indeed, I ever came out of the coma. But no bones were broken and I was all right once I came to.

I suppose the closest call I ever had—although what I'm about to tell you is only hearsay because I was unconscious—came up at San Francisco's lavish Golden Gate Fields. It was two summers ago and we had just walked onto the track from the paddock and were parading to the post. I was riding a horse called I'm Going which had a tendency, during a race, to pull to his right. To try to correct this, the trainer had put a blinker on his right eye. The left side was clear—a one-eyed blinker, in other words.

Well, I guess I'm Going didn't agree with the therapy because he suddenly broke off from the post parade and bolted toward the rail. He jumped the rail, throwing me clear over his head, and I landed in a deep drainage ditch on the other side. The horse fell into the ditch, too, with his right rear leg hung on the rail and the rest of him draped over me. I guess I lost consciousness when I hit the ditch because I don't remember anything about this.

Jockey Ray York dismounted quickly and ran over to the ditch. When he got there the horse's rear left leg was pawing convulsively and every time he moved, his foot hit me in the head. Luckily, the horse hadn't panicked and he hadn't yet kicked hard with that left hoof. Ray York jumped the fence and then very gently straddled I'm Going and talked soothingly to him while he took hold of his left leg with both hands to prevent him crushing my skull. Then other track hands arrived and the ambulance came and they got me out from under the horse.

Oh, there was one other thing. Usually those drainage ditches contain water. We'd had a long dry spell of weather, however, and the ditch was hard-caked with mud. Otherwise, I suppose I could have drowned.

The summer of 1955 produced my most painful experience, and it had nothing to do with an injury. I developed arthritis. I couldn't move my left arm farther back than my hip. It seemed to settle in my elbows and knees and shoulders and it would bother me particularly after I'd come out of the sweat-box where I'd have to steam every day to keep my weight down. I hated that box. It made me mean and nasty. It was an ordeal for me to get into that box day after day and sweat off three or four pounds, and then be so dehydrated that I'd drink a couple of Cokes at home at night and that would put the weight right back on. My friend, jockey Jackie Westrope, told me one day, "John, if you don't lay off that sweat-box and those Cokes, you're finished."

But I had to keep my weight down and I had to quench my thirst and it was the well-known vicious circle.

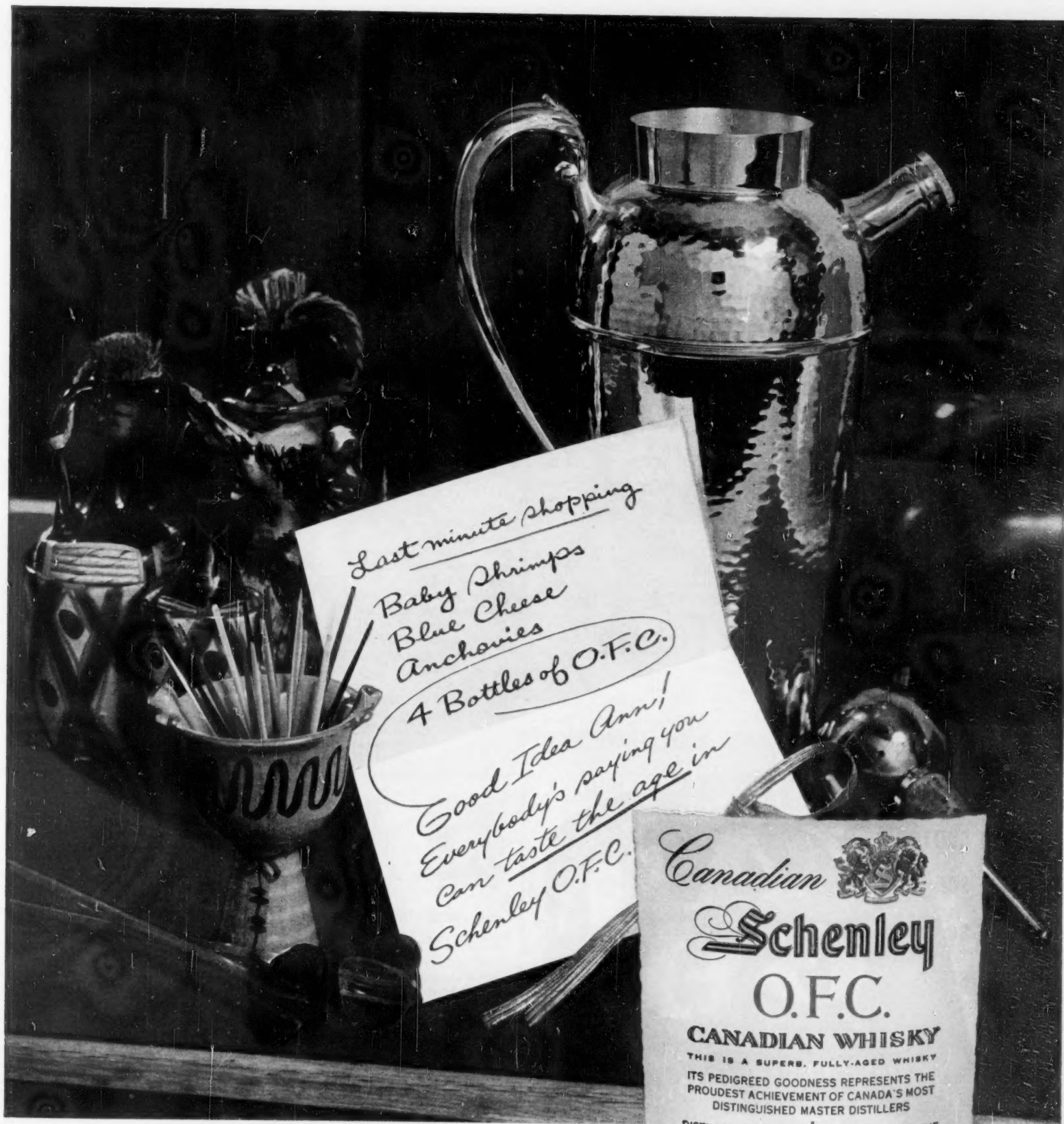
Then one afternoon Wendell Cassidy, director of racing for Hollywood Park, called me into the stewards' office. I hadn't been riding well and the fans at the tracks had begun to boo me. This hurt deeply, although I tried not to show it and I told newspapermen who asked

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Could I see your license?"



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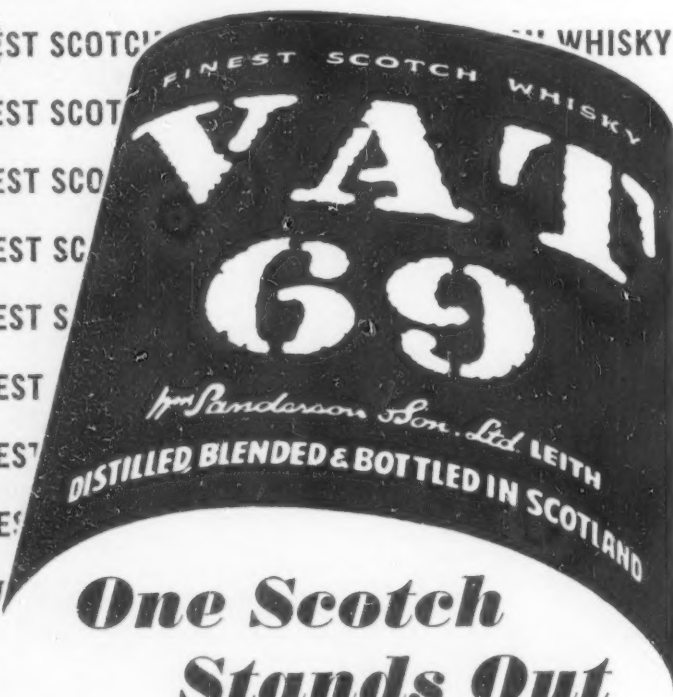
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me about it that I figured it was the prerogative of a racing fan who cheers a jockey when he wins a bet on him to boo the jockey when he loses. So I suspected what Mr. Cassidy wanted when he called me, and I was right.

"Give it up, Johnny," he said, "before I'm forced to make you."

It appeared that at last I really was through as a rider. Then a friend of mine, W. G. Gilmore, who's head of a steel company in California that bears his name, suggested I consult a San Francisco doctor, Dr. Thomas Schulte, who had had some success with arthritics.

We were racing at Bay Meadows which is at San Mateo, just south of San Francisco, and Dr. Schulte came up to my apartment every other day and gave me a shot of something. I don't know what it was and Dr. Schulte declines to let me name it here because he says it is no panacea and he doesn't want people who read this to think he has made some new discovery and feel he can help everybody.

Anyway, in addition to the shots he told me to get out of the sweat-box and go on a diet he prescribed to control my weight.

Well, sir, that was in January of 1956 and I got down to a hundred and five pounds, which I haven't weighed in years, and I began slowly to feel better. The pain left me and I began to win again and it turned out that 1956 was the greatest racing year I ever had. I won three hundred and twenty races worth \$1,609,627 in purses, both all-time highs for me. On Labor Day in the Del Mar Handicap I rode Arrogate for my 4,871st visit to the winner's enclosure, which enabled me to pass Sir Gordon Richards as the world's leading rider in point of races won.

I went along fine until last Aug. 9, again at Del Mar. By then I'd ridden 5,090 winners and people had begun to give up asking me when I was going to

retire. But on Aug. 9 a two-year-old filly named Royal Zaca, making her first trip to the post, reared and pinned my right leg against the starting gate, and broke it in two places just above the ankle. It twisted my foot to an angle of ninety degrees in relation to my leg. Jockey Willie Harmantz told my wife Hazel later that he thought he was going to be sick when he looked down into my stall and saw me reach down and straighten my foot and hang onto it until they put me on a stretcher. It didn't hurt much until I was nearly to the hospital. Then it began to hurt real bad. I was two hours in surgery getting it straightened out. That was the fifth time it was suggested that I'd never ride again, mostly because of my age—forty-seven, or thereabouts.

But last February I fooled them. Although my leg was sore and caused me to limp considerably, I rode three winners at Santa Anita in my first couple of weeks back, one of them the Washington's Birthday Handicap last Feb. 22 for a purse of \$57,300. I rode an Irish-bred grey horse named Tall Chief II, and we came from dead last in the mile-and-a-half race on the turf to win by half a length at odds of twelve to one. There was an added gratification for me: the horse is owned by William Gilmore, the friend who suggested I visit the San Francisco doctor in 1956.

I suppose the greatest thrill a jockey gets from a winning ride is when he comes from far behind on a long-shot. I've had my share of those thrills, particularly on a great Irish-bred named Noor who beat the illustrious Citation four straight times. One of those victories represented the most grueling and in some ways the best horse race I ever rode. I want to tell you about it, and about how a jockey can turn a horse into a winner, in the next article. ★

Part IV of Johnny Longden's story will appear in the next issue of Maclean's.



In praise of the beard continued from page 27

He married Marilyn Monroe, then grew a beard

Bob" or "My Harry." The popular myth that it's a barrier to romance has been exploded by Hollywood, a fashion leader in these matters. Kirk Douglas wooed and won his wife with his bold "Ulysses" beard. A world-wide sensation was created when America's symbol of sex, Marilyn Monroe, married playwright Arthur Miller. He grew a beard on his honeymoon.

Queens and whiskers seem to go together. A certain sign of the beard's comeback was the ascension to the throne of Queen Elizabeth II because at no time did the beard have the universal vogue in England that it came to have under the two noted queens, Elizabeth I and Victoria. In the first year of the reign of Elizabeth I a varied crop of beards appeared to characterize the whole age of Shakespeare. It's by the grace of Queen Victoria that British naval officers today are permitted to indulge in beards, only if accompanied by a mustache, and vice versa.

Peter the Great of Russia tried to abolish beards by taxing them. But when Catherine II came to power one of her first acts was to restore them to favor. When Louis VII of France removed his

beard his vivacious wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine, couldn't bear it. She divorced him and married Henry, Duke of Normandy, who became King of England.

In former times women had no choice but to admire shaggy men. Shaving was not the daily business it is today. Self-shaving did not become common until soap was cheap, plentiful and of good quality. The advent of the safety razor was an event of even greater importance. Shaving in medieval and Tudor times was a weekly performance, and a freshly shaven face was about as smooth as a toothbrush. This explains why the courtiers of Henry I let their beards grow: it was out of consideration for their concubines.

As great an authority as my wife, who has lived with the beard for nine years, says that no amount of technology can improve on the comfort of a beard. "Only the freshest shave is as agreeable," she says, "but six hours after shaving the smooth face has become a prickly pear. A beard has the same softness all the time and there's a sense of security in knowing what to expect."

But men, who wear them, haven't been as faithful as women to beards; on the



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contrary they've been notoriously fickle. In the Victorian Age, when beards were common, a group of young artists, including Oscar Wilde, Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson, made a conscientious point of leading the return to the razor, just as many of their spiritual brethren (before and since) have been pioneers of the beard.

The Turks, who considered it a disgrace to cut the beard, kept their slaves shaved. But in the early 1800s, when they were popular in Russia, wearing beards was treason in Turkey and in Bavaria, where the king's purge led to the forcible shaving of every man in the country.

Francis I of France grew a beard to hide scars on his face, and so beards became a court fashion. But he intended to keep the beards of all lesser folk in check. An Edict of Beards in 1523 forbade French magistrates and lawyers to appear in court with beards.

Today, more than four centuries later, some similar taboos apply. For growing a beard a twenty-two-year-old Toronto bank messenger was fired. "The assistant manager gave me no caution at all," he reported. "All he said was, 'You don't think you're going to get away with this, do you?' The next day I got my walking papers."

Whenever anyone gets nasty about my beard he is never alone, always with a crowd. Other beards tell me that their experience is the same. At a party a Canadian Press correspondent, Bill Boss, who has a dashing red beard, was overcome by several men and held down while one side of his face was shaved. He grew another beard and became recognizable again.

What happened to Boss is a reaction well known to zoologists. If a ribbon is placed around the neck of one turkey in a pen, the rest will gang up and pick it to death.

But a beard occasionally can be a boon. Returning from the U.S. some time ago by train, I began to open my bags for Customs' inspection. "Oh, don't bother, Rabbi," the inspector said. He tipped his cap and got involved with other passengers before I could correct the impression or inform him that most rabbis today are beardless. Only orthodox rabbis and their congregations continue to adhere to Leviticus xix, 27: "Ye shall not round off the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." Most orthodox Jews look unmistakably associated with the Bible.

According to St. Cyprian, in the third century, it was a sin for a Christian to cut off his beard; for his authority he quoted Leviticus. Shaving was established among the Romans by Constantine the Great at the same time that he established Christianity as the state religion. Then, as Christianity slowly spread northward, it brought with it the habits of the Latin peoples, and gradually shaving became characteristically Christian and the beard a sign of evil.

Not long ago I began to have suspicions that this prejudice may have found its way to adherents of the Hebrew religion. I was teaching in a Jewish Sunday school in Toronto when the beard came to the attention of the board of directors. They discussed it at a meeting. They were concerned about its effect on the children, the questions they would ask about it and how the parents would explain it. "What's he trying to prove?" one of them asked, annoyed. The rabbi pacified them by saying that he had personal knowledge of its being a French beard, grown in Paris.

Many men ask why I wear a beard. They are astonished when I, in turn, ask why they shave. They find it perfectly

natural to stand in front of a mirror and scrape fresh stubble from their faces. Shaving is a psychological habit and such things are notoriously subject to change. In ancient Rome, for example, grief was expressed by cutting off the beard; for if life had ceased to be worth living or could only be continued in shame and dishonor, of what significance was a beard, the token of manly pride and well-being? But in a later age, when to shave was the fashion, the growing of a beard became for many the evidence of mourning, as though the wearer had valued life so little that he could not even be bothered to remove this objectionable growth.

Men of the Middle Ages who thought highly of their beards bleached them or dyed them red. When starched, elaborately curled beards were the fad, gentlemen slept with cardboard boxes strapped to their heads so their beards wouldn't become disarranged.

Puritan pamphleteers denounced beards as vanities, and they were outlawed during the dictatorship of clean-shaven



THE PROFESSIONS: 12

Actors & Actresses

Actors, although vain and nervous,
Do perform a social service:
Showing in their gilded mimes
A mirror of our life and times.

This image of our age would look
Far better in the history book
If it did not expose to view
The lives and times of actors too.

Mavor Moore

Cromwell. They grew again with the Restoration, but then came the "wig." As hair piled up on the head, beards went out. Due to this change beards were few and far between by Nelson's day.

But by Waterloo beards were back. And it was the army that set the fashion. Guardsmen were jealous when officers in less famous regiments copied their flourishing mustaches and flamboyant beards. By the 1850s razors went into the discard and vendors of beard rejuvenating lotions swarmed onto the market. By 1860 the beard became so important in the U.S. that Abraham Lincoln occupied valuable time during the presidential elections of that year by staying at home to grow one. He got the idea from eleven-year-old Grace Bedell, who wrote him, "All the ladies like whiskers and they would tease their husbands to vote for you and then you would be president."

By the end of World War I the beard had become such a rarity that D. B. Wyndham Lewis, in London, was able to launch a game that for many years was considered a standard pastime. The game was Beaver. Lewis, a writer for the London Daily Express, was hard up for a story one day when, on the street, he saw a man with a long white beard, riding

past on a motorcycle. At his typewriter the ingenious Lewis wrote, "All England has gone mad over a new game called Beaver." Thereupon he invented the game, which went like this: you walk or ride along a street and score all the beards you spot on your side of the street. Your opponent does the same on the opposite side. An ordinary Beaver scores ten points. A red beard is a King Beaver and counts fifty." In those days one of London's busiest Beavers was Augustus John, whose generous King Beaver figured daily on the tally sheets of addicts. Bernard Shaw was runner-up, but as his beard soon turned white, scoring a nominal ten points, his popularity declined.

The children in my neighborhood know none of the joys of shouting, "Beaver! Beaver!" The game has gone the way of jousting matches and competitions of jumping frogs.

The matter-of-factness with which children accept beards seems to suggest that conditions are ripe for a general revival of Beaver (in Hollywood it is called Airedale). To cope with the new crop, one enterprising importer has introduced a Swiss electric razor. One end of the gadget removes short whiskers without damaging the beard, the other end clips long hairs, preventing a shaggy edge, which to a beard is as bad as a five-o'clock shadow. A barbershop in New York's Rockefeller Center called De Zemler's, boasts more than a hundred beard styles; bewhiskered customers appear regularly for shaping and trimming.

A beard also can be of considerable commercial value. The beard belonging to Commander Edward Whitehead, which made a British tonic water famous, is insured for over ten thousand dollars with Lloyd's of London. It is protected against "riot, civil commotion" but not for damages incurred in "war, acts of God or a state of unnatural exuberance."

To give a special tone to product advertising it has become practice to have the produce associated with a suave gentleman who wears a beard. That's how vodka and expensive suits are advertised. In this case, the beard is like a Chinese mandarin's long fingernail. It's for those above the mob; impossible for a working man to grow.

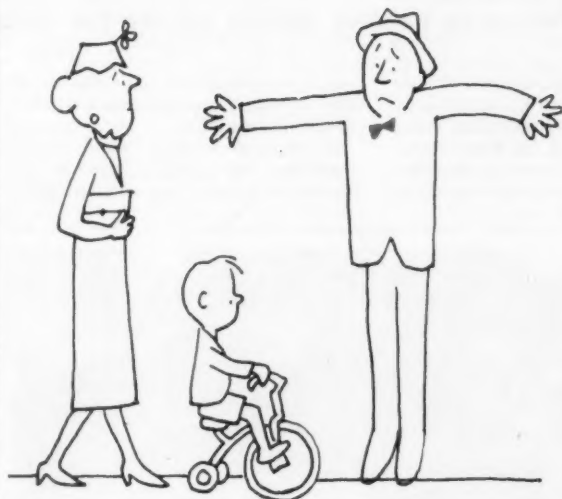
Inability to grow a beard, of course, need not prevent you from wearing one. This fact was brought out when an English manufacturer of false beards and mustaches, Bert Godwin, reported a remarkable upswing in business. It was a surprise to Godwin too that the bulk of his trade was no longer from stage and film companies, but from men who simply wanted to wear beards.

Even false beards aren't new, however. One of Egypt's pharaohs, mentioned in the Talmud, had a beard an ell (forty-five inches) long. Certainly sounds like a false to me.

Most beginners are satisfied with something far less grandiose, but they find that confidence grows with their beards.

I used to be timid. Going into a roomful of strange people was an ordeal. Receptionists terrified me. But when I grew my beard I soon noticed I terrified them, instead, and I overcame my own timidity trying to put them at ease. Even hard-boiled executives are thrown off guard by my whiskers and are easier to handle as a result.

Whenever I'm in company comprising more than one beard I can always tell whether the other one is fairly new. The owner usually avoids looking at me, although the wives exchange knowing smiles. I feel a little uneasy myself because I start wondering, "Do I really look like that?" ★



1.

Bill Walker smiled infrequently, and wore a nervous frown. As every day he moaned his way from home to work in town. Afraid of his own shadow, he would slink along the street, And faced with any danger he would beat a quick retreat.



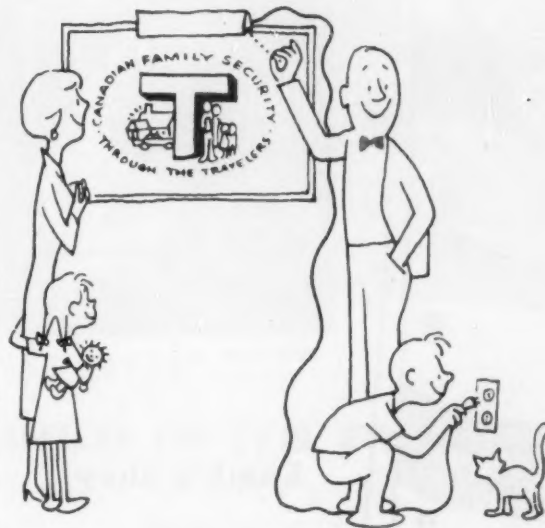
2.

Till one day right on Main Street, Billy kicked his heels in glee. "I'm traveling Travelers way," he cried, "I'm happy as can be. I've discarded all my traumas; I have gone and got insured From A to Z by Travelers. Now our future's all secured.



3.

"My Travelers man has built a plan to shield our way of life, To keep fate's bumps from raising lumps on progeny and wife. My balanced Travelers program covers life, abode, sedan, It suits my needs and income, too—this one convenient plan."



4.

The Walkers count their blessings and enjoy them to the hilt. Canadian Family Security—that's the life they've built. If such a blithe and happy state sounds like your kind of plan, Your Travelers representative is certainly your man!

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For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"Why not admit the entire attempt to exploit atomic power for defense has been misguided?"

respect the integrity of Canada, my reply is that our supreme interest is the prevention of such a calamity. I am not advocating Canadian neutrality, but positive participation instead of supine surrender to a policy of fatal drift in which

all the real decisions are out of our hands. While there is still time, let our voice be heard and let us follow our words with action. So far from being unrealistic, the abandonment of nuclear bombs is the only sane realism. And

as for irresponsibility, the danger is the folly of continuing preparations for international suicide.

A firm declaration from Canada would only be a logical step from the position we are now beginning to assume.

Our prime minister has added his voice to many others in advocating a cessation of further nuclear tests. In a welcome and much needed appearance of discussion about international affairs during the battle of words to which the Canadian public was exposed during the recent election, Mr. Pearson spoke about the need for a change of tone and spirit in diplomatic exchanges and went so far as to suggest withdrawal of our bases from continental Europe. An agreement about the abandonment of tests would be a virtual acceptance of their futility. Why not go the whole way and recognize that the entire attempt to exploit atomic power for defensive purposes has been a misguided venture that has led to a dead end, and it is time to call a halt. Better still, the ability to agree on such major matters would be the surest promise of a new beginning to international comity.

The persuasive powers of the Church are purely spiritual, and for this reason, the Gospel may be dismissed by many as hardly more than a pathetic irrelevancy. This is a profound mistake. The conflict that agitates our common life and grips two political entities in what seems to be implacable enmity is accepted as basically ideological. The struggle is in and for the minds of men. This is why, apart from their capacity for devastating destruction, the use of atomic bombs is ultimately ineffective. They are the monstrous irrelevancy. At most, nuclear weapons can only deter: they cannot persuade. Their moral effect is to provoke hatred and detestation. But even their powers of restraint have come to an end. This is the new situation in world history to which we have been brought. The threat of violent action as a means of settling international disputes is outmoded. No victory is possible in nuclear warfare: nothing but universal defeat, not only for the combatants but for the whole human race. The realization of this truth should be the prelude to a revolution in thought and action. A new ideology is needed and the Church should be ready to provide it. We must turn to the Bible of our faith, not as pedantic literalists searching for cryptic references to future events, but as providing a frame of reference in which to understand the course of history, even more as teaching us the wisdom of God. We have come to a time of divine judgment. If you like, we have been given a sign from God Himself warning and urging us to desist while yet there is time to repent. Repentance means a change of mind. For the Christian this grace of repentance is an entreaty of God's mercy that a day of salvation has once again drawn near.

Canada should now add her counsel to the rising tide of concern that is moving into a stream of public opinion throughout the whole world. It is finding widespread support from serious-minded and responsible people who are advocating the need for new and realistic thought and action. They are not crackpots or fellow travelers. Scholars, students of military history, political and physical scientists, leaders in industry and politics are concentrating their attention on what is regarded as nothing less than a question of the survival of civilization, if not of the whole human race. There is now a very general acceptance, even



Signal Bridge

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among military experts, that the sole value, if any, of the atomic bomb is as a threat. It must never be used. The paradoxical logic of this situation is being recognized and is leading to an insistent demand for a fresh approach to international politics. Some are content to leave the matter as it stands in the confidence that, irrational as it may seem, we can rely on the instinct of self-preservation to prohibit any resort to the use of weapons which can only lead to an inferno of mutual destruction. This is surely a most hazardous hope. What was done in the coldest of cold blood over Hiroshima as a calculated act of political and military strategy is not likely to be withheld as a desperate stroke in a time of acute international tension, when the fury of war takes possession of men's minds. As long as nuclear weapons are stockpiled in arsenals, or, more realistically, assembled on launching stations, there will be an irresistible temptation to let them go, be the consequences what they may. But, in a saner and more sober mood, before the hour comes for indulgence in such tragic heroics, while there is still time to talk sense, it is being frankly accepted that even a threat has no ultimate sanction unless we are prepared to invoke it. Why then persist with it?

We need not be surprised that these questions are being most acutely discussed in continental Europe and the United Kingdom where the full fury of an atomic attack will descend with catastrophic results. Men of very diverse outlook are finding themselves in agreement in their proposals. Sir Stephen King-Hall, who is certainly not a doctrinaire pacifist or a Communist stooge, is advocating unilateral nuclear disarmament. Bertrand Russell, the doyen of British philosophers, whose working creed is the rule of reason, has made an eloquent plea in the name of humanity to both the Soviet and the American leaders to save the world from destruction. On our side of the Atlantic, similar voices are being raised by such men as Cyrus Eaton who is certainly not a Marxist. The latest and most welcome addition is the genuine concern of our prime minister.

Canada in the act

Khrushchev keeps asking for talks at the summit. This is where dictators are accustomed to talk. But, far more significantly for us, the ground-swell of talk is moving up from the surrounding territory. Democracy is beginning to assert itself and recover an initiative that has been lost during these years of enchantment with our own snug and secure prosperity. We are getting back to a genuine encounter in which all the ideas do not emanate from one side.

The stage is being set for a meeting of minds. Who are to be the actors and what parts shall they play? Obviously, the decisive roles must be occupied by political leaders, but we should not be content to accept ourselves as mere spectators, watching the development of the drama. The Christian Church and the Canadian people should get into the act.

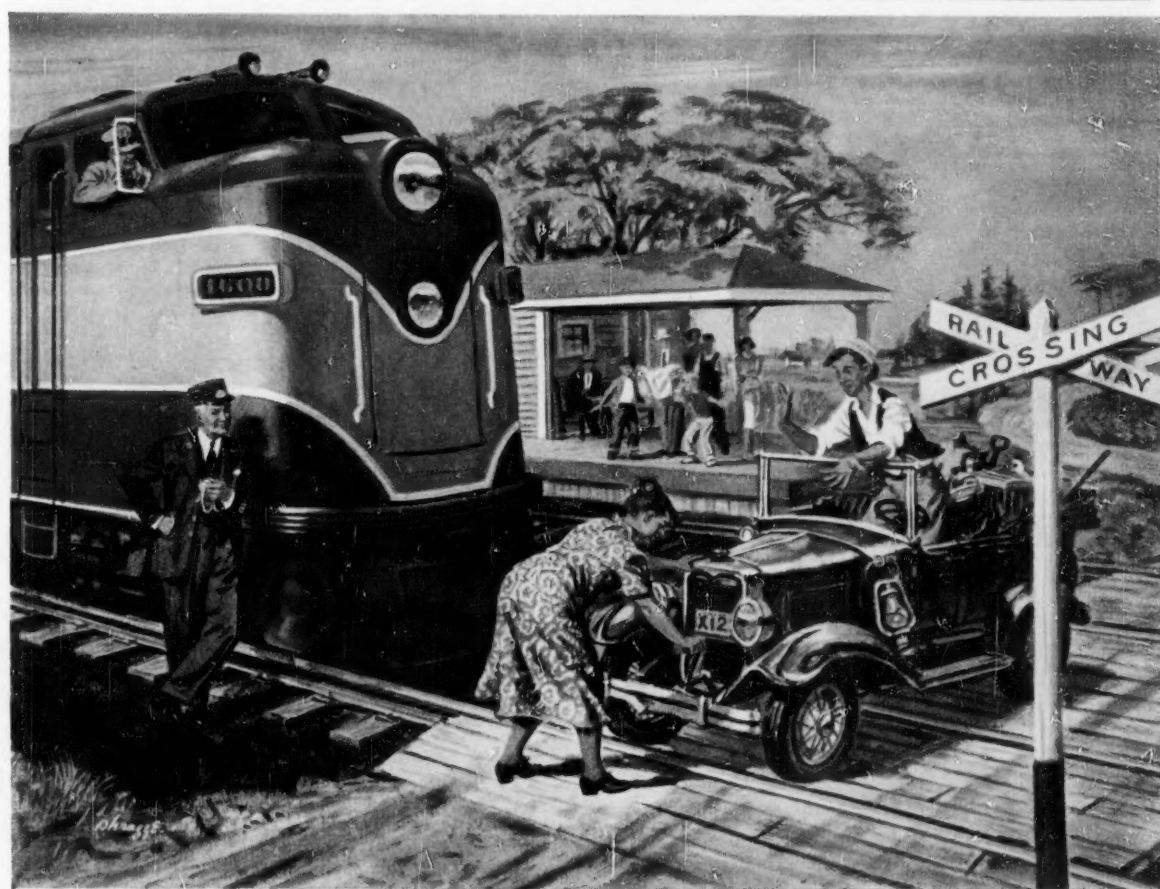
The Church can provide a faith and a plan of action. This faith is not properly an ideology, but commitment to the power of Almighty God who creates and sustains the universe within which this little embattled earth of ours is a satellite. His is the glorious wisdom of which the discovery of atomic energy is the latest revelation. To us as His creatures He has made known His power and delegated it to us as a sacred trust for our co-operation with Him in use and enjoyment. This bestowal of His

power is what the Christian faith calls divine love and grace. The real outrage of the atomic bomb is its affront to God. It is we, and not He, who have turned His almighty love into the wrath of judgment. The plan of action is as old as the universe and as eternal as God Himself. For us as Christians it has entered the world in one decisive and illuminating act in the person of Jesus Christ who has given us His spirit of forgiving and suffering love with its redemptive and creative power. The Bible portrays it as the Divine process of re-

conciliation by which God heals the wounds of mankind and wins His creatures to Himself. An ancient faith, you say, and much neglected, too great perhaps to be believed often by those who profess it, but can you think of any more relevant to the contemporary impasse? It casts more than a shaft of illuminating light into world events: it is a call to action with promise of support far greater than any counsels of prudential wisdom. Can we have the courage to proceed upon it?

The Christian way of reconciliation

cannot be thrust upon us. Resolutions from Church bodies cannot persuade us to adopt it. I am glad to say that the supreme court of my own Church, of which I have the honor to be moderator, has gone so far as to ask for a cessation of nuclear testing and it is my hope that it may associate itself with those who advocate the abandonment of all confidence in the atomic bomb. Who is to speak for the Church? I appeal to the whole body of those who profess faith in Jesus Christ and who believe in the love of God, whatever their name or



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tradition, and to any who will join with us in what must be essentially an act of faith—if not in obedience to God, at least in loyalty to a supremely good purpose for the rescue and preservation of His creatures in an hour of dire peril.

Who is to act for the Church? Stalin is reputed to have asked how many battalions the Pope had. The same question may be raised about the possession of atomic bombs. The powers that be are of this world. But they are men and therefore open to persuasion. The Church has the power of prayer which is mighty, but it acts in no magical fashion without intermediary agents. The men who are to represent us at the summit, or wherever they meet, belong to the Church. They will certainly have great need of faith and courage. Let not the voice of the Church be silent or confused. And let it not be merely a scolding remonstrance against human wickedness and folly, which is the irritating attitude so readily adopted by the righteous. There will be hard bargaining and the need for vigilance. But there is a power in resolute and single-minded action issuing from well founded conviction and trust in God that can carry us forward into a new day.

Canada has now the opportunity to give a lead to the free world. We are coming to a time of new alignment in world politics. Men have grown weary and distrustful of their domination by the great powers and seek a way of escape from their entanglement. The only really effective contribution to the preservation of peace has come not from the threat of nuclear warfare but from concerted action by the United Nations. Canada has played a distinguished part and has won the respect and confidence of all the so-called lesser powers, which are not likely to be called to the summit but should not be very far away. Canada could provide a unifying voice for the conscience of humanity. We have the most direct interest in a new initiative of pressure on all the contending powers to move forward with boldness into settlement of their differences. Even if a world conflict develops without resort to nuclear destruction on the grand scale, our destiny is to be the battlefield. Let the good word be therefore: "Agree with thine adversary whilst thou art in the way with him." Our sole interest is in leading mankind back to the sanity of the United Nations Charter. But first, we must get rid of the demonic bomb. ★



The secret life of a pond continued from page 21

Invisible from the shore, a swarm of life in a dozen brilliant colors spreads through the pond

filled recesses in the basin of the pond.

In the clear cold water, plains and hills and valleys can be seen on the pond bed. The piles of a long disused canal jut from the bottom, relics of the days when the pond was a river draining the Dundas Marsh before it was sealed off by two railroad embankments.

Above, heavy snow blankets the ice and the gloom of the pond grows. The oxygen is diminishing fast and the lives of many creatures depend on an early thaw. Some of the fish begin to die of starvation and suffocation. It is only when the equinoctial gales begin to blow in March, melting the snow and sending warmer water tumbling beneath the ice into the pond, that the organisms there begin to feel the first stimulus of spring.

Tiny primitive plants wake and reproduce. These are the algae and they are the pond's food. They are among the smallest organisms in the world, each one a single tiny cell of living matter. Forty million of them would fill one cubic inch. Individually they are insignificant. Collectively, they are one of the most important organisms of the pond and of the world.

The algae stock rivers, lakes, oceans, in countless billions. Though plants, many of them can swim, lashing the water with tiny hairy propellers. They color lake waters green, and, in some instances, blue. They make the Red Sea red. They are the green slime on stones, the soft green clouds in still water. They can reproduce at fantastic speed and at short notice and are eaten by many animals and plants.

The increase of the algae as the water warms seems to be a catalyst to other forms of microscopic life. The peculiar rhizopods, which include amoebae, and

are the lowest animals on the scale of life, protrude long threadlike arms from their protoplasmic bodies to seize passing algae in millions. The arms swiftly withdraw and the algae disappear into the jelly mass where they are visible as they are being digested.

As the days lengthen through spring, an underwater observer with microscopic eyes would see life begin to teem. The single-celled animals—called the protozoans—are dividing and redividing constantly. The algae grow children within their bodies, then burst to release them. If protozoans and algae were left unchecked all over the world for one year, they would grow to a mass as large as the earth itself.

The observer's eyes would be caught by a profusion of rich color spreading in every quarter of the pond. There would be greens, crimsons, indigo blues, purples, oranges, and glistening silver filaments branching through the water. In one species of tiny animal or plant there might be a dozen different colors in a hundred different physical forms.

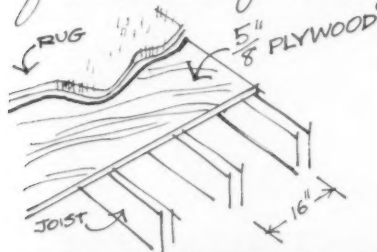
These brilliant underwater colors, this swarming of life, are invisible to an observer on the shore. But each spring John Lamoureux, the gardens' conservationist, notices the surface of the pond slowly turning red at this time of the year. The sluggish carp, roused from their winter sloth, are busy at a silty inflow to the pond at the western end, digging for food, fanning the silt so that it rises in fine red clouds and spreads throughout the pond.

The shapes of the microscopic animals would be astounding to Lamoureux's eyes, if he could see them, as they spread through the reddening water. Some would look like ducks floating on a lake, some

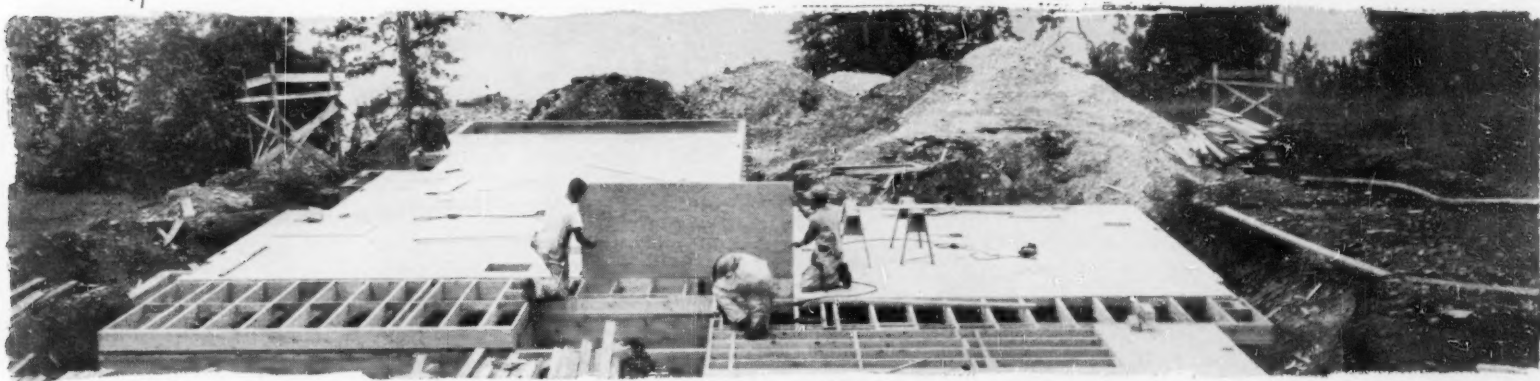
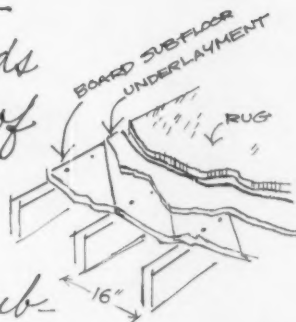
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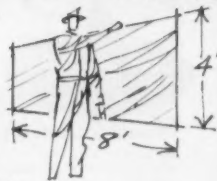
The old method of laying sub-floors is to use boards for sub-flooring, then apply underlayment on top of the boards to make a smooth surface for the finished flooring.



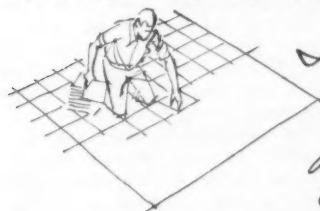
The new method is to lay 5/8" fir plywood panels as combined sub-flooring and underlayment—a simple one-step operation that gets the house built faster.




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Some minute underwater animals resemble ducks, some harps, bears, swans, sea serpents, whales

like a rising atomic cloud, some like the barrel of a gun exploding; others would look like miniature whales, like harps, like bears, like swans with long graceful necks. Some would look like sea serpents, others like the design work on an Indian rug. Just as surprisingly, the animals and plants, visible and invisible, would have legs, wings, arms, paddles, oars, wheels, snorkel tubes and even jet propulsion.

There would be strange sounds echoing through the water world. The underwater observer might be surprised to hear the sound of propellers approaching. He would see a tiny transparent animal, called a rotifer, bearing down on him with two small rapidly rotating wheels mounted along the front border of its body. Situated between the wheels would be a primitive mouth scooping in algae and other single-celled organisms. The "wheels" are actually two discs bearing marginal wreaths of tiny hairs which vibrate so rapidly that they look as though they are revolving.

The rotifer passes on but in a second is seized and eaten by what seems in comparison to be a gigantic ten-legged flea. While one hundred times the size of the rotifer, this creature is one of the smallest visible to the naked eye. It's one of the crustacean family and is a fully developed cousin of the lobster although it's less than one twelfth of an inch long.

Its simple coiled gut is visible and its heart, a very thin transparent disc near the stomach, pumps discernibly at one hundred and fifty beats a minute. Even the blood cells are visible as they course round the body.

As early summer blooms the water is warm and the life in it is increasing a million times a day, or a minute, or even a second for all the scientists know. Lamoureux, making a casual inspection tour, notices the water becoming darker with masses of newly created creatures—insects, animals, plants. A thousand frogs have crawled from their winter hiding places under logs, under mats of leaves, from under the slime and mud at the bottom of the pond. The brightly colored salamanders—lizard-like amphibians—have slid out of their hibernating holes under logs among the trees and have gone down to the pond to breed. The water beetle larvae have pupated into winged creatures, dug themselves out of shallow winter cells in the earth and, paradoxically, have gone flying down into the pond to lead a life that will be spent largely underwater.

Even the plants have become part of the desperate fight for life which is now beginning. They fight for oxygen, sunlight and breathing space. All through the shallows of the pond countless plants are jostling and struggling to reach the surface. Under the bridge the water lilies spread their broad flat leaves as widely as possible; if they shade a competing plant they will kill it.

The duckweeds come hastening after them and surround the lily pads in a thick scummy mass and smother competing seedlings. Bulrushes are springing up around the pond. Sago pondweeds and smartweeds float on or under the surface; the whorled leaves of coontail crowd together underwater. The carnivorous bladderworts, branching out underwater, extend tiny hinged traps which, on one plant, may catch half a million tiny animals an hour.

For the scientists this is a fascinating time. Dr. Norman W. Radforth, McMaster's professor of biology and one of the world's great authorities on muskeg, studies in the marsh the ecology of water plants—how billions of tiny plants can eventually fill in a pond. John Lamoureux checks the new species of plants he has established in the marsh as part of a project financed by the Toronto Anglers' and Hunters' Association to find the best conditions to attract waterfowl. McMaster students use the marsh and the pond to win master's degrees and PhDs by studying the complicated biology of the plants, animals and insects there.

As the vegetation spreads like some wild green fire across the surface, the reddish water itself is being tinged green with the growth of billions of algae. But they aren't the most numerous organisms. In every drop of the warming water of the pond there are several million bacteria, ever present and all-powerful, so tiny that powerful microscopes can barely reveal the details of their bodies.

As we watch, some of them are attacking the proteins in the water and are pro-



Who is it?

She's been a hit in a role that's been neglected for decades. Turn to page 49 to find out who this girl is.

ducing ammonia. Others are attacking the ammonia—which feeds plants—and are changing it to simpler compounds like nitrites. Others are transforming these nitrites into nitrates—which feed the algae. The pond's store of nitrogen, normally locked up in the living bodies of plants and animals, is thus released for further use.

One science student, E. A. Botan, earned his PhD in the marsh with years of study of how bacteria decompose nitrogenous organic matter. When, in 1957, five hundred fish were found dead in the pond after the thaw, he theorized that the decomposing bodies of billions of algae had exhausted the oxygen and had actually suffocated the fish.

A mortally injured robin, shot by a youngster's air rifle, splashes into the water and drowns. In their efforts to eat the dead bird the bacteria begin its putrefaction, a process which maintains the undiminished growth of life in the pond and in the world.

Now it is mid-summer. The pond life, as well as fighting desperately for survival, is reaching its breeding peak. The frogs and salamanders are laying strings of gelatinous eggs in the shallows. Dragonflies bomb the surface with eggs. Midges settle on the water in millions

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

BASEBALL'S GRANDPA

made a rookie out of me

1. "Baseball is a tame sport alongside its age-old Alpine ancestor," writes Jack Ehrens, a sportsman friend of Canadian Club. "The Swiss call their game *Hornussen*, or hornet. Instead of a ball, they use a disc that hums through the air like a hornet. Outfielders try to stop it by throwing paddles into the air. I joined a game outside Interlaken in the shadow of the mighty Jungfrau—and soon wished I'd stuck to sandlot softball."



2. "Smacking a little disc with an 8-foot willow-handled mallet is like hitting a hockey puck with a fly rod. When I finally connected, the *hornuss* buzzed straight for the Jungfrau before it was knocked down."



3. "Out in the field, I sampled the game's other side. It still beats me how the players stop something they can hardly see by tossing paddles at it. It's no wonder they're often hit by the *hornuss* or by their own falling paddles. A paddle beamed me."

4. "After that crack on the noggin we relaxed at the Beau Rivage Hotel where Canadian Club looked better than a big-league pennant. I'm surprised to find games like baseball in many lands but I'm never surprised to find Canadian Club wherever I travel."

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and let clusters of eggs into the water attached to floating rafts. A black wasp, using a homemade tow-rope, buzzes over the pond dragging a paralyzed spider which will be a meal for her young. Young birds fall from their nests overhanging the water and are eaten by pike and bass. The creatures of the pond are laying eggs, giving birth to live young, pupating into adults, dividing their cells, eating one another with a fantastic urgency which foreshadows the approach of fall even though summer is still at its highest peak.

In the swarming surface waters the hideous hydra, a creature straight from science fiction, is breeding by an unearthly process of budding. Its body is a narrow quarter-inch-long cylindrical bag with tentacles and stingers at one end; its other end is fastened to the surface skin of the water, or to a plant. The young hydras are growing like the buds of a plant on their parents' bodies and they will fight their parents for food, even though they do not yet have stomachs of their own and depend on their parents to do their digesting for them.

Two hundred years ago a Dutch scientist, Trembley, wrote with some surprise, "If one of them (the hydra) be cut in two, the fore part which contains the head, mouth and arms, lengthens itself, creeps, and eats on the same day."

Frequently a hydra scores a near miss in its clutch for passing worms or larvae. Its prey slips through its tentacles but its body is riven by the deadly stings. Slowly the shaft-impaired body falls to the bottom. It has fallen from one way of life—the swarming life of the July-warmed surface—to another way of life which

is quite different. Near the body is a bear. It stands stiffly erect and its short legs have sharp claws at the ends. It is a water bear, a rare microscopic animal, and it will soon be dead.

A turbellarian worm—one twentieth of an inch of ferocity—glides into view and gulps down the water bear in a puff of mud dust. Nearby, a microscopic worm—Aeolosona—is snuffling like a raccoon along the bottom, grazing on decaying fragments of plants and fine debris which have fallen from the surface.

It moves among a small group of tubes which look like chimneys. From these sprout the waving, questing bodies of tubifex worms which duck into the chimneys when danger threatens. Nearby, a mayfly nymph is thrusting its blade-like forefeet into a patch of sand, scooping out a shallow hole into which it digs two large tusks and rapidly disappears from view. A foot away, a horsefly larva collects blood at the rear of its spindle-shaped body, then drives one pointed end into the mud. It pumps the blood forward, enlarging the hole. It drives down again, repeats the process and disappears from view.

Just above the disturbance it has made in the mud a great diving beetle, nearly two inches long, is swooping down on a dragonfly nymph which has incautiously ducked up from its sandy hiding place. The beetle grabs the nymph with two large hollow mandibles. A tiny pump in the beetle's body sucks the carcass dry. The beetle returns to the surface to pick up another supply of air under its wing covers.

Winner eat all

The dragonfly nymphs, some of them nearly two inches long, dull colored, slow and clumsy in their movements, are easily overlooked by their prey. One of the nymphs makes its home among the duckweed meadows in the shallows where tadpoles and other creatures are plentiful. A young fat-bodied tadpole, about three inches long, comes angling down from the surface, moving steadily closer to the motionless nymph. Suddenly, the nymph pumps a jet of water from its rear end and as it shoots unexpectedly forward, rapidly ejects a hooked apparatus from under its chin. This reaches even farther forward and seizes the wriggling tadpole.

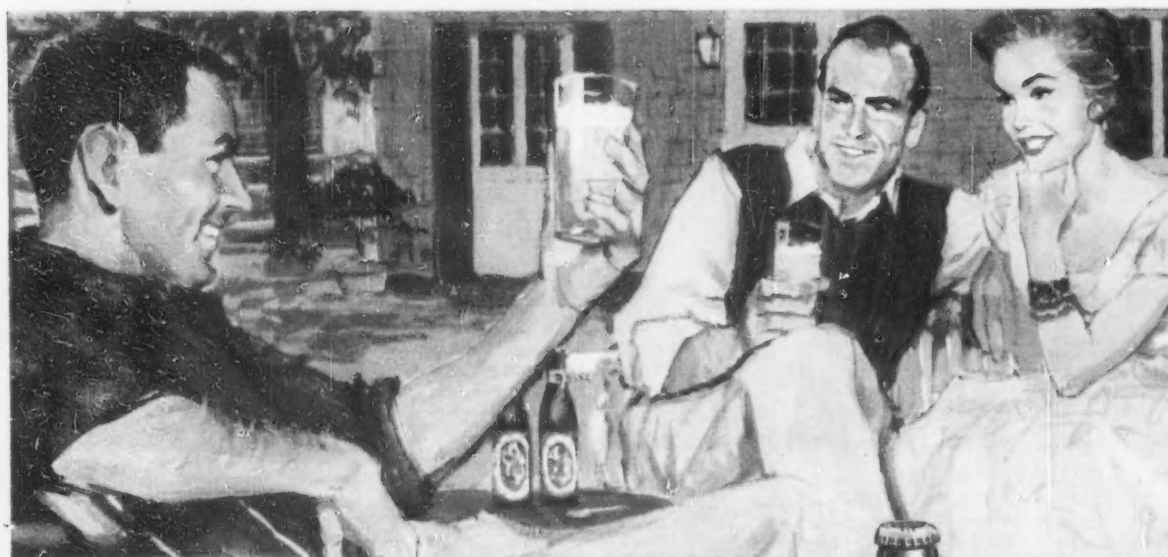
The tadpole is too big for the nymph to handle comfortably and both creatures tumble among the weeds, flailing and lashing. Clouds of disturbed mud rise from the scene of battle. In the extremity of their concentration both creatures have ignored the fundamental rules of pond safety—caution, stealth and cunning. The fight ends abruptly when a bulky body shoots into the mud cloud and emerges impartially clutching both creatures in its enormous mouth. It is an eight-inch-long bullfrog.

It is a law of the pond, and of all nature, that every creature has an enemy. Later in the summer, the bullfrog dies, caught by a youngster with a net, watched by a gardener working in the rock garden. Its legs may end up on a restaurant table in Toronto.

By following the trapped bullfrog to the surface, it is surprising to look again at the pond above the water. The motorists are still grinding back and forth across the bridge in a pattern of life that changes little. But the pond has changed radically. The overhanging trees have the full rich look of late summer. The weeds have half-covered the surface of the water. The rose-pink flowers of marsh smartweed have wilted into seed heads. Submerged plants are gently cast-



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MOLSON'S GOLDEN ALE



ing their seeds on the bottom. A thousand young spiders, airborne on threads of silk, fall to their deaths in the water. The placid surface is continually broken by strange ripples and splashes. Insects dart and weave across the water.

As the lazy summer days pass easily, the great exodus from the pond gets under way. The same creatures that shrugged off the sleepiness of hibernation and plunged down to the water now must leave their summer home. A dragonfly nymph crawls laboriously up the stem of a bulrush. It bursts from its larval case, reveals a shrunken body with stubby wings. It gulps air, pumps blood into its wing stubs and then flashes away across the pond and disappears.

A great diving beetle humps out of the water onto a tiny beach and begins hollowing a small cell in the damp earth. It will either quickly pupate and a fledged beetle will fly back to the pond, or it will winter in its cell. Millions of mayflies, which hung under their egg rafts, are bursting from the water, their massed nuptial dances a feast for birds, dragonflies and fishes. A hundred types of fly are creeping, crawling, swimming and jumping from their larval existences in the water to their brief airborne lives. The leopard frogs are ranging far through the trees in search of food. The tree frogs are singing in the elms.

For nighthawks, flycatchers, swallows, chickadees, titmice, warblers, sparrows, raccoons, skunks and snakes, the pond during the summer is such an overflowing storehouse of food that they are attracted and held in its vicinity. They, in their turn, play their part in keeping the pond's population under control.

As larvae emerge from the water, they face sudden death. The skunks dig up the pupating grubs and the raccoons scoop up molluscs and snails in the shallows. The birds help in this balancing process by eating scores of millions of beetles, larvae, pupae, worms, slugs, snails and flies.

Meanwhile, as summer wanes, a brief but fantastic upsurge of life begins under the water again. The microscopic creatures — rhizopods, crustaceans, algae — must build up their numbers to ensure some chance of survival through the bitter winter. They must do this against the combined efforts of the larger creatures to eat them. The urge of life in the pond is to gain strength for the winter, to hunt fattening protein food, to acquire as much resistance as possible to the oncoming crises of cold, lack of oxygen and starvation.

Then, suddenly, the proliferation of life in the pond wanes. The summer is dying too and the water is slowly clearing, losing its rich reddish-green color as the life in it disappears and the silt settles. The exodus from the pond slows, the mists of early summer mornings are replaced by the threatening chill of fall and the trees frame the pond with a border of changing color.

This is the sad time. The gay dragonflies go, leaving their empty larval husks studding the wilting water plants. Insect and beetle transform to semi-dormant

grubs, waiting patiently under the water or earth for spring. The algae are dying in billions, literally blanketing the bed of the pond with their invisible bodies.

Through the fall, to the accompaniment of impatient honks morning and night from the bridge, the browning vegetation dies, rots, retreats from the water. The creatures, large and small, decrease their metabolism and their appetites so there may be enough food to last the winter. The birds stream overhead for the warmth of the south and the leaves rain down on the passive water.

Toward the end of the year, with the curtain of life nearly drawn, the raccoon and skunks are sleeping soundly in the surrounding woods. The muskrats have built their submerged homes of stalks and leaves and will spend the winter eating them. The frogs are buried in the mud, hidden under logs with the salamanders, sleeping among the leaves.

The ice forms slowly and the familiar silence of seeming death begins again. The long winter months stretch ahead to the pulsing touch of spring and the miracle of the pond. ★



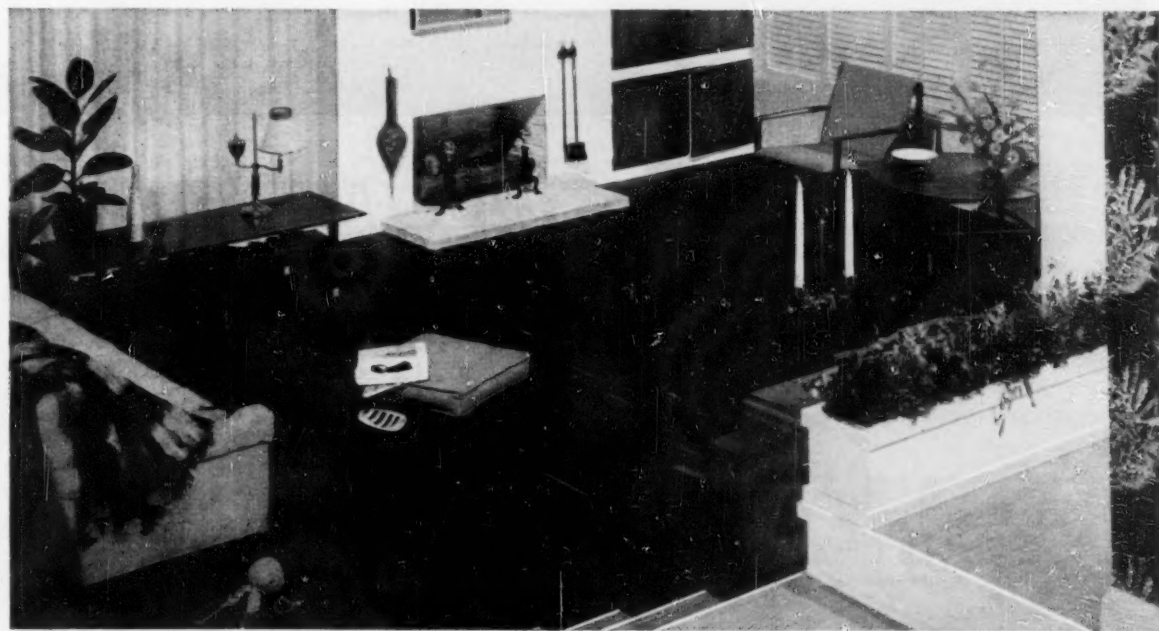
Boot Room — Piazza Tomasso Restaurant

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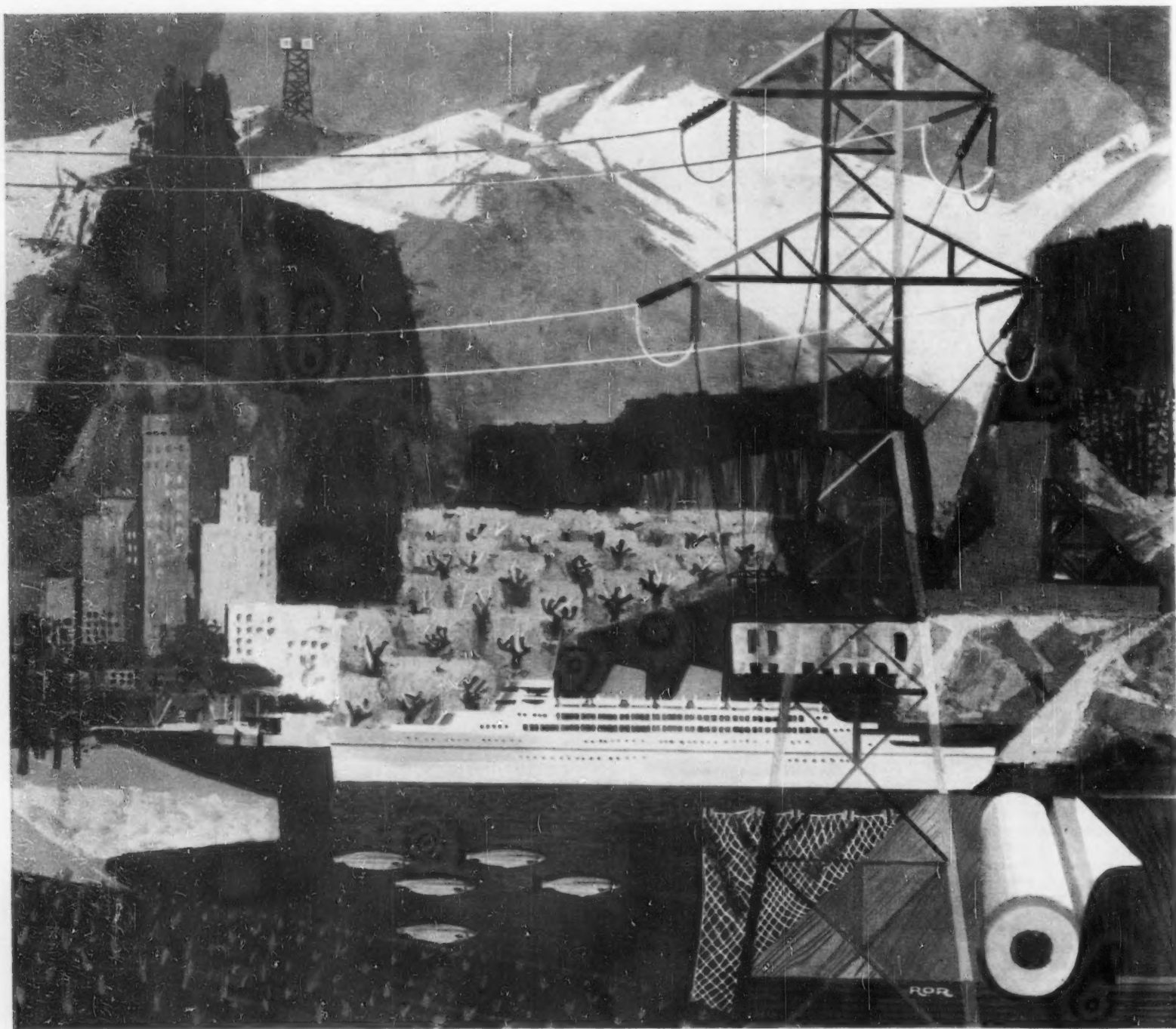
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Answer to

Who is it? on page 46

Olive Evangeline Diefenbaker, who has probably assumed a larger role in the country's affairs than the wife of any prime minister since Lady Laurier.



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- 23,139 miles of highways, 12,555 miles of which are surfaced.



The truth about teen-age drinking

Continued from page 15

"No youth who is big for his age is likely to be refused liquor in a cocktail lounge or bar"

I've been to their parties and they're well behaved." Dr. Watson Kirkconnell of Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S., states, "During the past five years only four students have been disciplined because of drinking. This university was founded by Baptists and the ancient tradition of temperance is still rigid."

According to University of British Columbia president Dr. Norman MacKenzie, problem drinkers among college students are as rare as temperate drinkers are common. He points out that more parents are drinking than ever before. "It's unrealistic and stupid to expect that their children won't follow their example."

University students themselves are taking the initiative in controlling the indiscreet drinkers on the campus. At Queen's University, for example, the Alma Mater Society Court, made up of students, metes out punishment to students who go on a rampage.

WHERE DO TEEN-AGERS GET THEIR DRINKS? Of the high-school students who told the Maclean's survey that they drank, sixty-two percent said they obtain their alcohol at home; five percent at a bar or tavern; just over one percent at a liquor, beer or wine store which operates under provincial-government regulations, and about one percent from bootleggers. From whatever source a person under twenty-one obtains an alcoholic beverage—inside or outside his own home—the law is being broken.

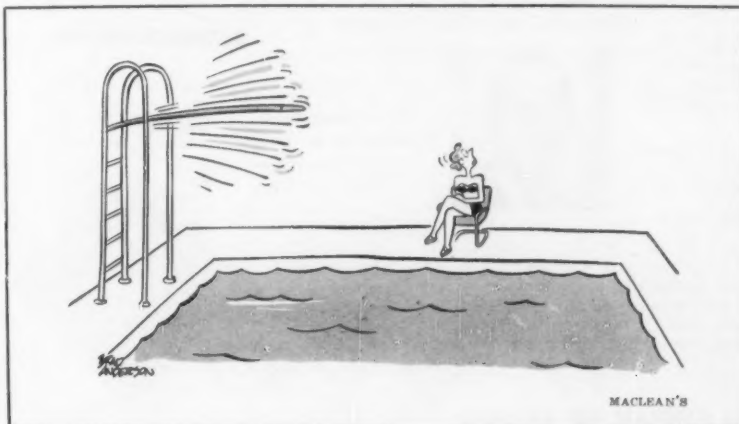
On the basis of the admittedly limited data on hand, one might draw the following conclusions: the beer, wine and liquor stores of New Brunswick, Alberta and Saskatchewan—in that order—are the easiest places for a minor to obtain drinks. Ontario is the easiest place for a youth to slip into a beer parlor, tavern or cocktail lounge and be served a drink. Ontario and Alberta—in the order given—are the places where teen-agers most frequently patronize bootleggers.

According to groups of teen-agers I've interviewed, getting drinks is no great problem. A seventeen-year-old Ontario boy explained, "If you want to go into

a cocktail lounge or beer parlor you dress well and don't act self-conscious. If the waiter asks—never say you're twenty-one. That will make him suspicious. Say you're twenty-three. And always go to the better spots. The inspectors are less likely to go poking their noses in there." Any youth who is large for his age is unlikely to be refused. Perhaps one of the reasons for the laxity of the law is that most provincial liquor-control commissions are short of inspectors. Each inspector has to cover thousands of miles and scores of outlets. British Columbia, for example, has only twelve inspectors. The Alberta Liquor Control Board also has only twelve inspectors who usually are unable to visit an outlet oftener than once every six weeks.

"We've charged many minors with falsifying birth certificates and even drivers' licenses to make a purchase," says G. A. Clash, chairman of the Alberta Board. I found most liquor-control commissioners reluctant to discuss their enforcement activities. One of the reasons may be that they are so frequently criticized. C. L. Dubin, a Toronto criminal lawyer, charges that "kids seem to be able to get all the liquor they want," while Rev. John Linton, of the Canadian Temperance Federation, says, "Many liquor-control bodies think in terms of promoting the sale of liquor, not controlling it."

However, the best available studies seem to indicate that the law has no influence on the drinking of high-school students. In New York State it is legal for an eighteen-year-old to purchase both beer and liquor. Thus, if the law was effective, one could expect a sharp rise in the use of alcohol after the eighteenth year. But the Hofstra College survey noted that "instead of such a rise, it was found that the percentage of students who use alcoholic beverages sometimes reaches its highest point at sixteen years of age and there is no rise after the legal age." A similar large-scale survey conducted among teen-agers by the University of Wisconsin came to the conclusion that legal restrictions don't control "the age of starting to drink, the kind of bev-



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erages drunk or the average amount drunk by each age group."

DO TEEN-AGERS DRINK WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OR CONSENT OF THEIR PARENTS? Evidently many parents are unaware of their children's drinking habits. One in every four boys and girls questioned in the Maclean's-sponsored high-school survey reported that he drank without the knowledge and consent of his parents.

There were more males who said they drank on the sly (thirty-four percent)

than females (fourteen percent). An eighteen-year-old girl explained to me, "The use of liquor has always been condemned in our home. Because it was forbidden fruit it became glamorous in my eyes. I was bursting with curiosity so I started to drink as soon as I was old enough to go out to parties on my own. For a few years I drank quite a bit. Now that the novelty has worn off I only drink once in a while."

HOW MANY TEEN-AGERS HAVE BEEN TIGHT? Over twenty-five per-

cent of the boys and three percent of the girls told interviewers for the Maclean's survey that they had been "tight" on at least one occasion. Teen-agers prefer the terms "tight," "high" or "having a glow on" rather than "drunk."

In Gilchrist's survey of Nova Scotia, eight percent of the five thousand students polled said they had been drunk one or more times. He noted that inebriation increased with age. Only three percent of the fourteen-year-olds admitted they'd been tight; this proportion increased year by year until twenty-four per-

cent of the nineteen-year-olds said they'd been inebriated once or more.

A double standard definitely exists among teen-agers who do drink. In a mixed group of Montreal youngsters with whom I discussed this problem, both boys and girls gave the boys more latitude in the matter of excessive drinking. They described the girl who got drunk as "disgraceful," "scandalous," "a fool playing with fire." The basis of the disapproval appears to be that women, when drunk, are sexually vulnerable—a matter which received considerable attention in the Yale University study, *Drinking in College*, conducted by Drs. Robert Straus and Selden D. Bacon. When ten typical male drinkers were asked to explain the dangers of "going too far" when tight, eight of the ten gave answers pertaining to words or deeds of violence—"using profane language and swearing," "reckless driving," "fighting"; only two were concerned with sex. On the other hand, of ten women questioned, all of them reflected fears of a sexual nature—"sexual misbehavior," "not knowing what I'm doing with a man," "acting loose in morals," "sexual intercourse." In another section of the same study, the majority of boys and girls believed that "drinking generally accompanies or facilitates petting and necking," and "accompanies or facilitates sexual intercourse."

The Yale study found that while the "regular" girl drinkers had more dates than the occasional drinkers or abstainers they were not nearly as apt to be "engaged, pinned or going steady with a young man." Discussions on this point with students brought out the belief that the girl who can hold her own at the bar with men is often "not taken seriously or respected; one can have a good time with a girl who drinks but may not consider her as a future wife."

HOW DO THE DRINKING HABITS OF PARENTS INFLUENCE THE DRINKING HABITS OF THEIR TEEN-AGE CHILDREN? The parents' advice, example and attitude are undoubtedly the greatest influences on the child's drinking habits. According to the Hofstra College study, almost all the children who are frequent drinkers have parents who are frequent drinkers. At the other end of the scale, half the abstaining children had abstaining parents. This same fact was underlined in Yale's *Drinking in College* inquiry. Where both parents drank, eighty-nine percent of the students drank; where one parent abstained, seventy-five percent of the students drank; where both parents were abstainers, only fifty-four percent of their children drank.

According to *Drinking in College*, advice from parents to abstain is heeded more frequently than advice coming from any other source. Of the students counseled by their parents to be teetotalers, forty percent followed the advice. When the advice came from the church or from teachers, only sixteen percent and ten percent, respectively, followed it. Of the students given no advice whatsoever about drinking, eighteen percent were abstainers. The survey concludes that "while sanctions against drinking are definitely effective when coming from parents, advice not to drink which originates with the church or school may be actually less effective than no advice."

An interesting sidelight in the *Drinking in College* study is that student drinking is directly related to family wealth. Of the college students who came from families where the income was \$2,500 a year or less, only forty-eight percent drank. By contrast, eighty-three



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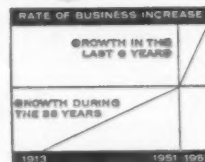
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percent of the boys and girls who belonged to \$10,000-a-year or more families used alcohol. Again, in the Hofstra College investigation, sixty-one percent of the high-school students living in homes with four rooms or fewer drank, compared with ninety-two percent who lived in houses of eleven rooms or more. When I pointed out these findings to a temperance leader, he commented, "Those of us who are interested in promoting abstinence should pray for a long and tough economic depression."

The experts have no over-all blueprints to guide all parents who want their children to have safe and sane drinking attitudes. A drinking or non-drinking program will depend on the beliefs and convictions of each particular family.

But more important, perhaps, than whether liquor is served is the atmosphere in the home. If it is co-operative and friendly; if the child has the opportunity to express himself and develop his interests, chances are that he won't have any future trouble with alcohol. On the other hand, if the home spirit is hostile, overly rigid, and the parents are continually seeking to assert their authority, then the child may defiantly start drinking outside the home in search of recognition and fellowship.

These simple facts have been repeatedly verified by scientific investigations. The Yale Center of Alcohol Studies investigates the drinking habits of a large number of youths belonging to the three major religious groups in the United States. They discovered that the Jews had the least difficulty with alcohol despite the fact that more Jewish parents drank, that a higher proportion of them approved of drinking and that they gave their children alcoholic beverages at an earlier age. When psychologist William H. Wattenberg, of Wayne University, Michigan, turned the spotlight on a group of Detroit teen-agers who were problem drinkers, he discovered that they were "anti-social, overly aggressive, hostile, enjoyed defying adults and took pride in the strategies they used to get around the law." Their personality patterns were the same as those of non-alcoholic delinquents. In other words, in most cases their basic problem was not excessive drinking but a warped personality most likely due to a bad home environment.

ARE TEEN-AGERS FORCED TO DRINK TO KEEP UP WITH THE GANG? One of the most popular beliefs about teen-age drinking is that many youngsters drink because they want to be part of the gang. They're afraid—so the theory goes—that if they abstain they'll be regarded as wet blankets and socially ostracized. The Maclean's high-school poll throws doubt on this view. Over ninety-three percent of the boys and girls across Canada who were asked, "Is it difficult to refuse a drink?" replied with an unqualified, "No."

That social pressure to conform plays only a minor role in high-school drinking is also revealed by the Hofstra College study. Asked, "Are most of the students you know who do not drink at a party 'regular guys and gals'?", the overwhelming majority (eighty-four percent) replied, "Yes." I recently interviewed a group of fourteen Toronto high-school seniors, all of whom drank. Yet all of them told me that they could refuse a drink on practically every social occasion without embarrassment. One girl explained, "It's true that you sometimes find yourself with a drinking crowd who make a fuss if you don't join in. If you don't like it, you just switch crowds." Undoubtedly there is some relationship between the individual's drink-



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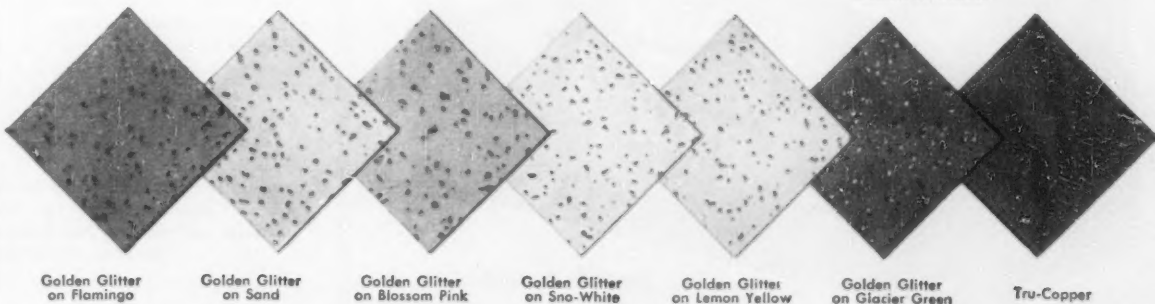
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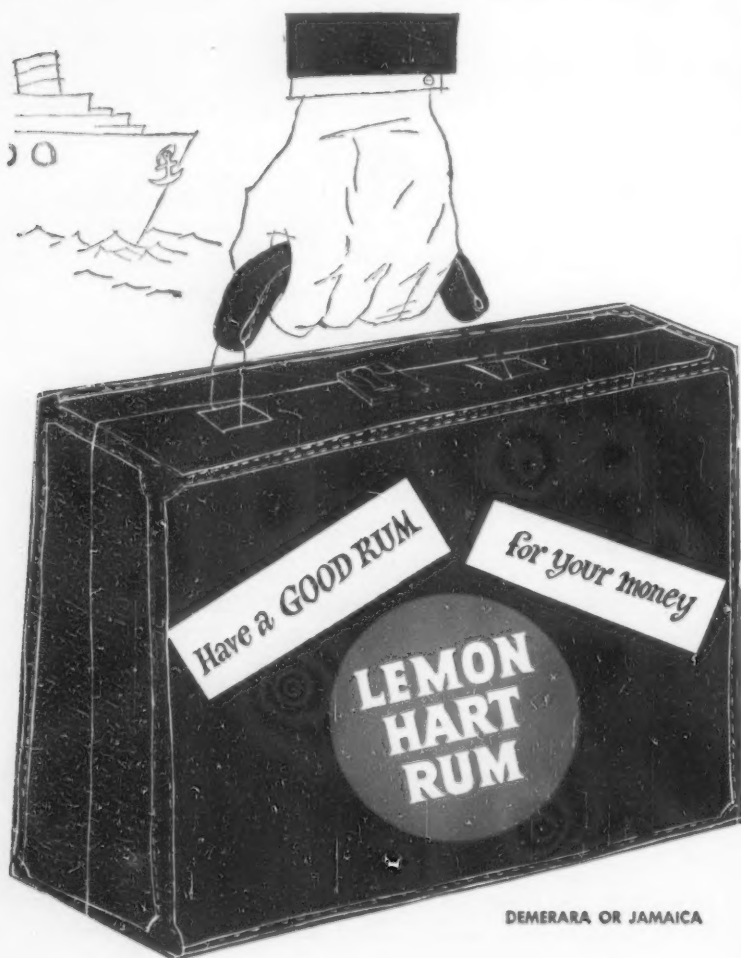
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ing habits and the group he belongs to. The book, *Drinking in College*, observes, "Students who reported that the majority of their close friends drank were drinkers themselves; those whose close friends most abstained were abstainers themselves. Psychologist David A. Stewart thinks that this process can be socially harmful if carried too far. "Young people shouldn't segregate themselves into groups of 'drinkers' and 'abstainers,'" he says. "They should learn to accept life as it is and mix with all kinds of people."

Educators have recently been giving guidance to youngsters on how to refuse a drink on the theory that such information can be useful on occasion. "A refusal to drink need not be embarrassing," says a manual published by the Alberta Department of Education. "But a person who refuses in such a manner as to make

anyone uncomfortable is guilty of bad manners." A wide array of excuses are available for the non-drinking youth, such as "I'm in training," "I'm driving," "I don't like the taste."

Programs of alcohol education, such as the one in Alberta, are receiving increasing attention from school authorities. Five provinces have already set up alcoholism research foundations. Churches and youth organizations are devoting more time to the discussion of youth and alcohol. Most parents approve of these developments. They sense that more young people will be drinking in the future—a corollary to the fact that more adults are drinking today. This being the case, they want their children to be equipped to answer the questions: "Should I drink or abstain? And if I do drink—how much can I drink with safety?" ★

CANADIANECDOTE

The first pirate on the prairies

Thousands of the prairies' young men served in the Canadian Navy in two wars ignorant of the fact that the high seas, by a legal definition, were in their own backyard. This phenomenon arose from one of the west's strangest court cases, heard in 1913 before a justice of the peace at Biggar, Sask.

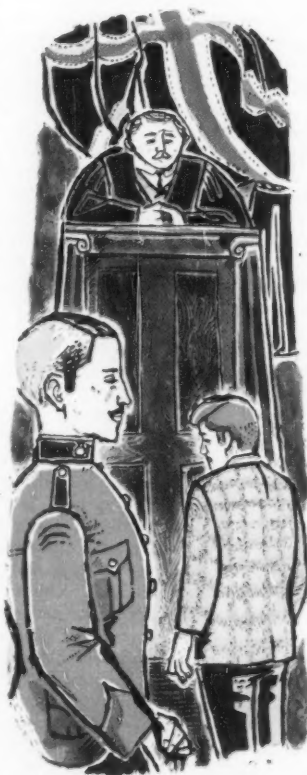
The facts brought out in court were these: a farmer hunting near a lake owned by his neighbor spotted some ducks. He borrowed his neighbor's rowboat without permission, rowed out in the lake, shot the ducks, retrieved them and returned to shore.

The neighbor, angry at losing the ducks, notified the RCMP, and the trespassing farmer was brought into court. There the justice of the peace read the charge—he had spent hours thumbing the Criminal Code looking for one to fit. "Piracy on the high seas," he announced.

The prisoner and witnesses looked surprised, but they were not too perturbed even when the farmer was convicted—it seemed a minor case. Then the JP consulted the Criminal Code again to find the punishment for piracy.

Consternation reigned when he read, "Mandatory hanging." A stern man, the JP could see nothing else to do in the situation except to pronounce sentence, until the RCMP constable insisted there must be a mistake.

The court agreed to review the

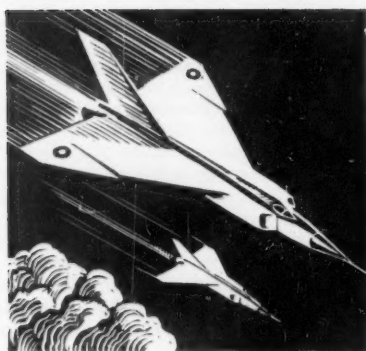


Frank Newfeld

case and the charge finally was reduced from piracy to theft. Instead of being hanged, the farmer was fined two dollars.—ROBERT MOON

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNE 21, 1958



London Letter continued from page 10

"Rex Harrison sings like a crow — but he has a debonair charm"

crowd than ever in the streets. In short London so firmly that the Drury Lane Theatre will not want a new tenant for the next two years or more.

It was a night of complete triumph,

marred only by the unfortunate decision of the management that no one but the friends of the principal stars could be invited to the dressing rooms after the show. There were bitter exchanges with the management and finally the police

were called to eject the autograph hunters. Also there was resentment because no encores had been allowed. But there was a reason for that. The management naturally wanted the newspapermen to get away to their papers and proclaim

the triumph of this brilliant new show.

Now let us apply the critical instinct. There are some good songs in the show and, for a change, the chorus plays a vital part in the London scene instead of merely standing around and waiting for the next cue. And although Rex Harrison sings like a crow he has a debonair charm which does something to the opposite sex. Nor is that a mere pose. In real life Rex has adhered to the principle of "marry in haste and repent at leisure."

But when we had gone home and I was sipping an amber liquid by the fire-side I tried to understand what there is in My Fair Lady as compared with such musicals as Oklahoma, Carousel and even The Merry Widow, which was triumphantly revived at the Sadler's Wells opera house only a few weeks ago.

I shall never forget the first night of Oklahoma which, incidentally, was also performed at Drury Lane. We had lived for long in the midst of destruction; undernourished and weary we could not believe our senses when, after the war had ended, the vibrant production of Oklahoma gave us—not destruction—but the joyous birth pangs of a new territory. The haunting clop-clop of the Surrey With the Fringe on Top is still in my memory although it is so many years since we first heard it at that wonderful premiere.

Then there were the rest of them—Carousel, Annie Get Your Gun, South Pacific, The King and I. Not since Gilbert and Sullivan had there been such a perfect partnership as that of Rodgers and Hammerstein.

In 1948 I went to America on a speaking tour and one of my engagements was the Dutch Treat Club in New York. After my oration the assembled guests and members went back to their various tasks but two men waited behind to shake hands. Thinking that they might be constituents who were visiting New York I advanced upon them and the bigger man of the two said: "We just thought we would like to say hullo. This is Dick Rodgers and I'm Oscar Hammerstein. We wondered if you would like to see our show while you're here."

What a contrast they made—the big, bulky, sentimental Hammerstein who writes the story and the lyrics, and the keen-eyed, unsmiling Richard Rodgers, the composer of luscious melodies and haunting refrains. I was told on that visit that Hammerstein was always trying to let some unfortunate producer have the rights to put on their new show of the moment, but that when Rodgers, the musician, finally concluded a contract the doctors had to supply restoratives to the lawyers.

But now to return to the London theatre of today. A few months ago there was a gasp of astonishment and even horror when it was announced that the subsidized second opera house of London—Sadler's Wells—was going to break with tradition and put on The Merry Widow. There were angry letters to the press and it looked as if the matter might even be raised on the floor of the House of Commons on the grounds that the money of the taxpayers, which provides the subsidy of Sadler's Wells and Covent Garden, was being wrongly used.

But what a first night The Merry Widow provided. Instead of jazzing females we had pretty ladies in long skirts, utterly feminine and therefore utterly adorable. As for Lehar's music it has the perfect bouquet of good wine. Obviously the theatre-going public had grown tired of bounding females and epileptic ragtime.

Therefore, when My Fair Lady arrived



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in London it was to find a vast and exciting public which was already feeling its way back to the Nineties when women were lovely gentle creatures and men were their devoted masters. The female acrobat is as dead as the dodo. The abundant days of good Queen Victoria are returning — they are returning, at least, in the theatre.

And what an author for *My Fair Lady*! Bernard Shaw, the man who spent so much of his time trying to debunk Shakespeare and, in a hundred ways, declaring his own genius, had posthumously written the libretto for a musical comedy. It is true that Shaw was not the sole author of *My Fair Lady* but when you analyze this musical play the triumph belongs not to the composer, the adapter librettist, or the lyric writers—but to that cantankerous genius, George Bernard Shaw.

More than in any other country men and women in Britain are judged by their accent. The Scot, of course, is a law unto himself, but in England a man, or woman, can be socially ruined by the manner of his speech. Wit or wisdom does not matter. If an unfortunate person says: "It's *could* isn't it?" he or she is halfway to Siberia.

This was the truth that GBS saw. He himself had a pleasant yet pronounced Irish voice but the English put up with him because of his genius. Being a Celt he was attracted to the study of the English people who judged their fellow creatures by the manner rather than the content of their speech. So in the cauldron of his brain there emerged the plot of a Cockney flower girl who attracted the amused interest of a professor of phonetics, with the result that the professor decided to teach her how to speak like a woman of breeding. In fact he set out to prove that it is by no means impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The shocker

Yet for some reason the authors of *My Fair Lady* decided to alter the big moment of the play when Eliza, having behaved and spoken like a perfect lady at a social gathering, replied to a young man's suggestion that he should escort her through the Park, with the famous riposte: "Not bloody likely!" In the play those words were always spoken with exaggerated refinement and it never failed to startle and amuse.

Why did the authors of *My Fair Lady* decide to substitute something far more vulgar and not half as funny? Believe it or not they were afraid that in these modern days the gory expletive would not shock anyone. Instead they put in something so crude that it produced nothing but an embarrassing silence.

Undoubtedly the best number in *My Fair Lady* is the rhythmic song *The Rain in Spain*, which is sung in the Ascot scene. This was pure Shaw, for in *Pygmalion* he tries over and over again to stop the Cockney girl from saying "the rine in Spine."

There is only one shadow on the pleasant scene. I have no doubt that some enterprising London theatre management will now produce *Pygmalion* as a straight play and thereby cash in on the Shavian boom. If that happens the name of Bernard Shaw will be so connected with *Pygmalion* that the younger generation will forget, or never learn, that he wrote anything else.

Yet there is that other and greater GBS whose genius gave us *Heartbreak House* and *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Neither of these plays has been performed in London for some years, although

in the death scene of the wretched twist of an artist in *The Doctor's Dilemma* I believe that Shaw rose to his greatest heights.

There before us in *The Doctor's Dilemma* is the artist in his dying moments. He has treated his wife badly, and has cheated for money. The doctors, puzzled by his condition, are deeply interested in the case although they know that he is a wretched, worthless creature. From his death chair the artist mocks the doctors while they study him with the interest of scientists in a collapsing body.

Suddenly the young miscreant stops his jibes. In failing tones he tries to justify his life as an artist even though he has been a weakling, a cheat and a wretched husband. But his last moments are near. Feebly he folds his hands and then whispers his artist's creed:

"I believe in Michelangelo, Velasquez and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen. Amen."

That is the other GBS, who in his best

moments commanded a musicianship of language only surpassed by Shakespeare himself. If *My Fair Lady* turns the groundlings toward the rich garden of Shaw's genius then it will have justified itself. At worst *My Fair Lady* is a form of blasphemy. But if Shaw is able to look down upon it from the top of Mount Olympus I am certain that he will approve, if only because it will bring thousands of pounds to the Shaw estate and thus help finance the great man's preposterous plan for a new English alphabet. ★

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My life with the original Marks Brothers continued from page 17

"Short of murder," the chief constable said, "Bob Marks and his players could do no wrong"

after supper it was back to the theatre or town hall to prepare for the evening show. Then, back to the lodgings to study new plays or listen to our stage director's ideas for improving current ones, until late at night.

No one grumbled. Everyone knew that pay day was as sure with a Marks company as with the civil service, and that many another actor was broke as well as tired and cold. Never, in more than fifty years of trouping, did a Marks

brother fail to meet the weekly payroll. That was a record which was probably unique for the times, and for the size of the companies.

The Marks boys stayed solvent because they always knew their limitations.

They knew they were small-timers, so they stuck to the small-time circuits. None of the brothers attempted to play Montreal or Toronto. They passed up Winnipeg and Vancouver when those cities started to grow.

They played briefly, and rarely, in Hamilton and Ottawa. They were wise enough to leave such places to the big English and American road companies, and stay where they were sure of a welcome.

Our audiences were in towns like Lindsay, Ontario, where I looked over the footlights of the opera house for so many years that I saw children growing up and eventually returning to the theatre with children of their own. Or Campbellton, N.B., where shop girls got to know me so well they'd call me Kitty when I went shopping—not cheekily, just nice and friendly. Things like that paid for all the hard work better than money. In Souris, Man., the chief constable pounded on Bob Marks' dressing-room door one night after a performance of *Under Two Flags* and gravely assured him that short of murder he and his players could do no wrong in Souris. And the family knew it had arrived when the *Winnipeg Tribune*, in 1905, published a cartoon showing Sir Wilfrid Laurier telling a wheat grower what the Liberals would do for him. The farmer is hugging himself with sardonic laughter and gasping. "Sir Wilfrid's funnier than Tom Marks."

The bailiff never came

Tom and Ernie were the comedians of the family. The other three, Bob, Joe and Alex, played it straight. All came directly to the footlights from their rocky, pine-covered country on the shore of Christie Lake. Bob was a peddler when he took to the boards, untutored, but with enough savvy to learn quickly how to please bucolic Canadians of the last century. Ernie was learning the cheese-making business when he suddenly found himself on the stage without even having been coached in how to make a graceful bow. Tom abandoned his apprenticeship to a cobbler for the stage. Joe was within six months of his ordination to the ministry when he fell at the same time for the footlights and for Grace Andrews, a dimpled ingénue with Bob's company. Alex, still on the farm, watched his brothers returning for summer holidays in plug hats, patent-leather shoes and diamond rings; then he too stamped the mud off his boots and became an actor.

They may have lacked stage training or, except for Joe, much formal education of any kind. But they all had a gift for play acting and production which got them by the uncritical audiences of their day. And they all had keen business sense. Joe once boasted, "No bailiff ever sat on a Marks trunk, and no bailiff ever shall."

The brothers were big men. My husband Ernie was just over six feet tall, heavy, dark, with strong features, a slightly jutting chin and lively dark eyes. That description would cover the others, too. They were generally dressed alike in tall hats, Prince Albert coats and broad cravats. Their shoes always shone like mirrors. In a group picture they look as alike as so many wooden

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soldiers. Each brother took his company across the country for forty-two weeks every year. In mid-June they would all return to the farm on the shore of Christie Lake as though responding to a migratory instinct. In a barn which they had converted into a rehearsal theatre they would study new plays, plot the coming year's itinerary, and loaf.

The Marks brothers got their size and complexions from their father. They also got some of their histrionic ability from him. He was a good story teller, and was in demand as a reader. Every week when the Family Herald and Weekly Star arrived, an assortment of six to a dozen neighbors would arrive with it. The neighbors would sit along the porch—or around the kitchen table, in winter—while Tom Marks, senior, read about the latest poultry-fattening method, or regaled them with the current fiction.

When the brothers were bearded, successful men, old Tom Marks' word was still law around Christie Lake. One afternoon some of the boys were playing croquet. Feeling began to run high; tempers flared and voices rose. The men were unaware of their father, watching from the woodshed doorway. Then, when Dad saw that things might get out of hand, he quietly stepped out onto the lawn. He didn't say a word. It was just like a strict teacher stepping into an unstaffed schoolroom where the kids have been making high jinks all by themselves. Complete silence. And the game was resumed, quietly.

But it was usually more work than play at Christie Lake. It was there that the groundwork for an entire season was laid and each company would add a dozen or more plays to its repertoire every year. I was quite at home in more than fifty roles before I had been with the family five years. That was nothing. May Belle—she was Bob's wife—knew more than two hundred roles, any one of which she could step into without a moment of studying.

We had to have a large number of plays. I remember Ernie saying to me, shortly before we closed our company in 1924, "This stuff, Kitty, compared with the great dramatists, is like Tin Pan Alley compared with Beethoven. It's the same old theme in all of our plays, but you have to come up with new variations all the time or the people get tired of it."

Virtue and villainy were qualities which stood out in most plays of the period like the huge masks of a Mardi Gras parade, caricatured and enlarged beyond resemblance to anything real. But work and hardship came in oversized bundles too. So if an evening at the old opera house, whose Drama and Comedy murals were being slowly blackened by the gas jets, provided the antidote, the mixture had to be a strong one. The Marks companies played it not only heavy, but nice and loud. The people loved it, and them. The sight of a Marks troupe alighting from a train anywhere in the country sent a quiver of excitement through the station loungers equal-

led only by the excitement of a circus parade.

Ad libbing was common because so many plays were so much the same. If a player forgot a few lines it was fairly safe to shout, "You'll pay for this, you scoundrel!" or "Never, never, as long as there is a breath of life in my body!" Or anything similar. But not always. One night in London, Ont., Ernie was playing a lawyer. He was to open the last act with a long plea to the jury.

He was suddenly taken ill. He rose slowly, gazed at us for a moment, ad-

libbed, "I'm washing my hands of this case here and now," and walked off. The rest of us ad libbed the scene back onto the rails so deftly the audience never knew anything had been wrong.

Such resourcefulness wouldn't have been much use when in Kingston one night about fifty Queen's students came to the opera house with the evening's presentation, Jesse James, committed to memory. The students had a block of seats in the gallery. From the opening to the final curtain they chanted the lines in unison with each member of the cast.

It was unnerving but we stuck it out; and no one asked for a refund at the box office.

Soon after the Kingston experience we were booked to play Cobalt, then a raw young mining town. We were uneasy about going to what we envisioned as a tough, rootin' shootin' mining community, especially after what had happened at Kingston. During the first performance coins began to rain down on the stage. It made us uneasy until we realized that it was meant as a gesture of approval. The more open-handed

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members of the audience hurried back to the hotel ahead of us and had the bar lined with drinks for the male members of the cast.

Even in small towns, though, there was an occasional snag. At Orillia in 1912 the opera-house manager refused Alex's company the use of the theatre. "Town hall's good enough for you rubes," the manager told him. Alex soon discovered that Robert Mantell had been in Orillia playing Julius Caesar and Macbeth two weeks previously. Still under the spell of that fine old American ham, the manager refused to have his boards desecrated by a troupe of Ontario back-woodsmen.

The Marks Brothers not only picked their communities wisely, they also never went over their heads when making up a repertoire. Yet they could appreciate good theatre when they saw it. One summer Joe reported back to Christie Lake after a couple of weeks in New York scouting for new plays. While there, he had seen one of the first North American performances of Hedda Gabler. That evening in the old farmhouse he enchanted the family with his account of the Ibsen classic. "It would be wonderful to play it," he concluded. "It would be wonderful to be able to," he amended. Then, with a sigh, he asked, "Who's got the lines for All For Love? I think my gang will study that one next."

In those days I thought of Canadians as one large family and ourselves as members of it on a constant round of visits. The Marks Brothers had become a national institution when I became a member of the family at the beginning of the century.

Playing to farmers who had hitched up in mid-afternoon to make their way over miles of treacherous roads just in time for the evening show, to school-children who had been given a special half holiday to see a matinee, or to townsfolk arrayed in rustling crinoline and biting starch for a night at the "opry house," made you feel you were fulfilling a mission rather than merely doing a job of work.

Life with Daughter

I was fourteen when I first met Ernie Marks in Brockville. I was small, Auburn haired, blue eyed and vivacious. For several months I had been singing at concerts in and around Brockville. For a long time Ernie pretended to be more interested in my voice than in me. He sent me sheet music from time to time and wrote me encouraging letters about my singing. Then, two years after we first met, he called for me in a hired livery buggy one day and we drove through town. There, driving through the streets of Brockville, at high noon, Ernie proposed to me.

After we were married I sang with his company as a between-acts specialty. After Ernie taught me to dance, my act became a song-and-dance routine. But in less than a year I was one of the players. I played my first role in the old Perth opera house. I had the part of Daughter in Bringing Up Father. It was one of the newer comedies at that time, based on the McManus "funny paper" Jiggs family.

One or more of the brothers had been in the theatre for more than thirty years when I made my debut in Perth. Their theatrical career started one early autumn day in 1870 at the village of Maberly, near Perth. Bob, aged twenty, was hawking his wares of sewing machines and mouth organs around Maberly, and not selling many. A roving ma-

gician and his ventriloquist assistant were filling the town hall at a dime a head. Bob paid his dime just to find out what King Kennedy, the Mysterious Hindu from the Bay of Bengal, had that enabled him to milk the rustics in a way that Bob, with the latest in German harmonicas and Yankee sewing machines, couldn't. Bob studied the faces of the audience instead of watching what happened on stage, and got his answer. Rural people in that lonely and humdrum age were starving for entertainment of any kind.

After the show, Bob, who had never so much as given a recitation at a church supper, asked King Kennedy if he could join the troupe. He could add to the variety of the bill by singing, he explained. King Kennedy took him on and the trio worked their way as far as Winnipeg by winter. Early in the spring they went on the Red River by flatboat to Grand Forks, N.D., offering their show of music, magic and ventriloquism. They played in saloons, tents, churches and town halls. By mid-summer they had split up, for reasons never made clear.

Bob returned to the farm wearing a plug hat, frock coat, a manful attempt at a beard and, greatest of all, a diamond in his silk cravat which made him glow like a firefly as he strutted along the shore of Christie Lake.

Before the summer was over he had persuaded Tom to drop his cobbler's last and tour the west with him. Tom was a natural comedian. They made up an act:

Tom: "Can't understand that hen of mine. Everytime I see her she's sitting on an axe."

Bob: "She's broody, you fool. She's only trying to hatchet!"

Or, Tom: "So you're a college man, are you?"

Bob: "Yes indeed. I have studied Latin, Greek, geometry and algebra."

Tom: "All right, if you're so smart, let's hear you say 'it's a fine day' in algebra."

With a fund of similar jokes culled from old almanacs they set out for the west via Owen Sound, Manitoulin Island (where a show put on for the Indians was well received), the Soo and Port Arthur.

They soon saw that a song-and-patter act was wearing thin. On their way back east, while working through Michigan, they hired a handful of U.S. actors and actresses. Each of the two brothers formed his own repertory company and prospered from the start. I think all the Marks brothers were businessmen first and showmen second. They used their heads.

As Joe, Alex and Ernie each left Christie Lake in turn to play with a Marks company, then form one of his own, they all learned Bob's and Tom's formula for success in show business. One method was to engage players who were good, and would work for a little less than the going wage; these had to be young players on the way up, or older players beginning to slip—though not too noticeably. Another factor was to give a full evening's entertainment. Every Marks troupe offered vaudeville between the acts of the plays. Joe, for instance, put on a trick cyclist between acts one and two of East Lynne and a contortionist between acts two and three. A Marks Brothers production was busier than a three-ring circus. Ernie brought a cinema projector into the halls and showed The Great Train Robbery between acts two and three of The Orphans. Such tactics paid off. In a day when five cents would buy a pound of

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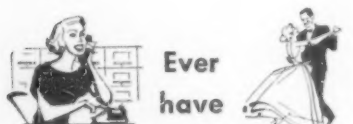
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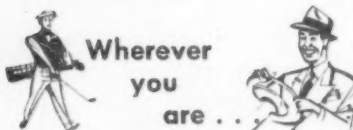


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the best hamburger, the Marks Brothers were each netting from ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year.

As prosperity increased the brothers sprouted diamonds like lights going on in a building. The men and their wives as well; we all had them, on fingers, arms, watch-fobs — everywhere. Tom wore a triple-stone ring with a five-carat diamond in the middle and a four-carat stone on each side of it. It was never off his finger, on stage or off. If playing a tramp, a farmer or a cop—no matter what—the ring illuminated every gesture on stage.

When Ernie and I became engaged in 1900 his parents gave a reception for us at the farm. They had a huge table in the dining room. About twenty people could sit at it. I can still see the family as I looked down the table that night, and remember being just a little breathless at the glitter of diamonds and other jewelry. It was like a picture you see of an ambassadorial reception, or something. But this was deep in the Ontario bush.

By 1920 time was running out for the Marks Brothers, Impresarios. When my husband Ernie began showing *The Great Train Robbery* between acts he didn't know that the movies were going to kill repertory companies, vaudeville, and all but the big-time in live shows of any kind. He realized it soon after, though, for in the early Twenties we left the road and came to Oshawa, Ontario, where we bought the local movie house, which still bears the name Marks Theatre, and settled down to spend many happy years. Ernie was mayor of the city in 1931. He died in 1952. Oshawa is still my home. I have always liked the city.

One by one the other Marks companies went the way ours had. As they said their last lines, most of the Marks brothers returned to the farm to stay. Bob remained on the stage until he was in his late seventies, then retired to Christie Lake. He converted the rehearsal barn into a summer hotel and ran it until he died in 1936 at the age of eighty-six. Joe wound up his company

in the late Twenties, then worked as advance agent for a magician for a number of years. He retired to the farm and died there in 1944 at the age of eighty-two.

Tom also went home to Christie Lake. He turned the old house into a hotel, as Bob had done with the barn, and named it Arliedale after his daughter Arlie, who had been with his company most of her life. Arlie, with her husband Jim Perrin, continued to play repertory in eastern Canada until her death in 1944.

Tom died in 1935 when eighty-one years old. He had always been a comedian whether on stage or off. There is a story that a short time before his death he was walking with Arlie on the shore of the lake. A sudden gust of wind carried Tom's wig into the water. He strode on without hesitating, and waving to the sinking wig cried, "So long, old top." Arlie laughed dutifully. Her father said, "Thank you, my dear; but what a pity I hadn't a larger audience for that one." And being a veteran trouper he probably added mentally, "at half a dollar a head."

Today, I am kept to my bed much of the time because of illness. But I go out into the world whenever I can to visit my children, and they—and many friends—come to see me. I don't pore over old scrapbooks. I prefer people, especially young people. I think that the young people today are a credit to the country and the race. They are frank, resourceful and mannerly. And I believe that the world of 1958 is vastly superior to the world of 1908, H-bomb or no H-bomb. I wouldn't swap atomic fallout for the eleven-hour day, the crude medical knowledge, the open saloon and the Dickensian orphanages of half a century ago even if I could get ten-cent beefsteaks thrown in.

But for all that, I must be allowed to look back wistfully now and again on my earlier days. I had a devoted husband, loving children, and I was doing the work I liked best. For all those I would gladly start my life with the Marks Brothers over again. ★





The fear behind featherbedding

Continued from page 19

and is likely to become commoner yet, for this is one response to the challenge of automation. As more and more jobs are made obsolete by the encroaching machine, we may expect more demands that men be paid for doing no work.

For the labor movement this creates a new problem in public relations. The men affected are not underpaid or underprivileged. They are the aristocrats of labor, accustomed to high wages and job security. The employers most likely to be involved are the very ones who have the longest records of good labor relations, the pioneers of union recognition and of labor-management co-operation. Ironically, one cause of their trouble is a long tradition of negotiation and compromise, and a set of work rules so ancient and time-honored that the working conditions for which they were devised are now obsolete. Of all these things, the prime example in Canada is the railway industry.

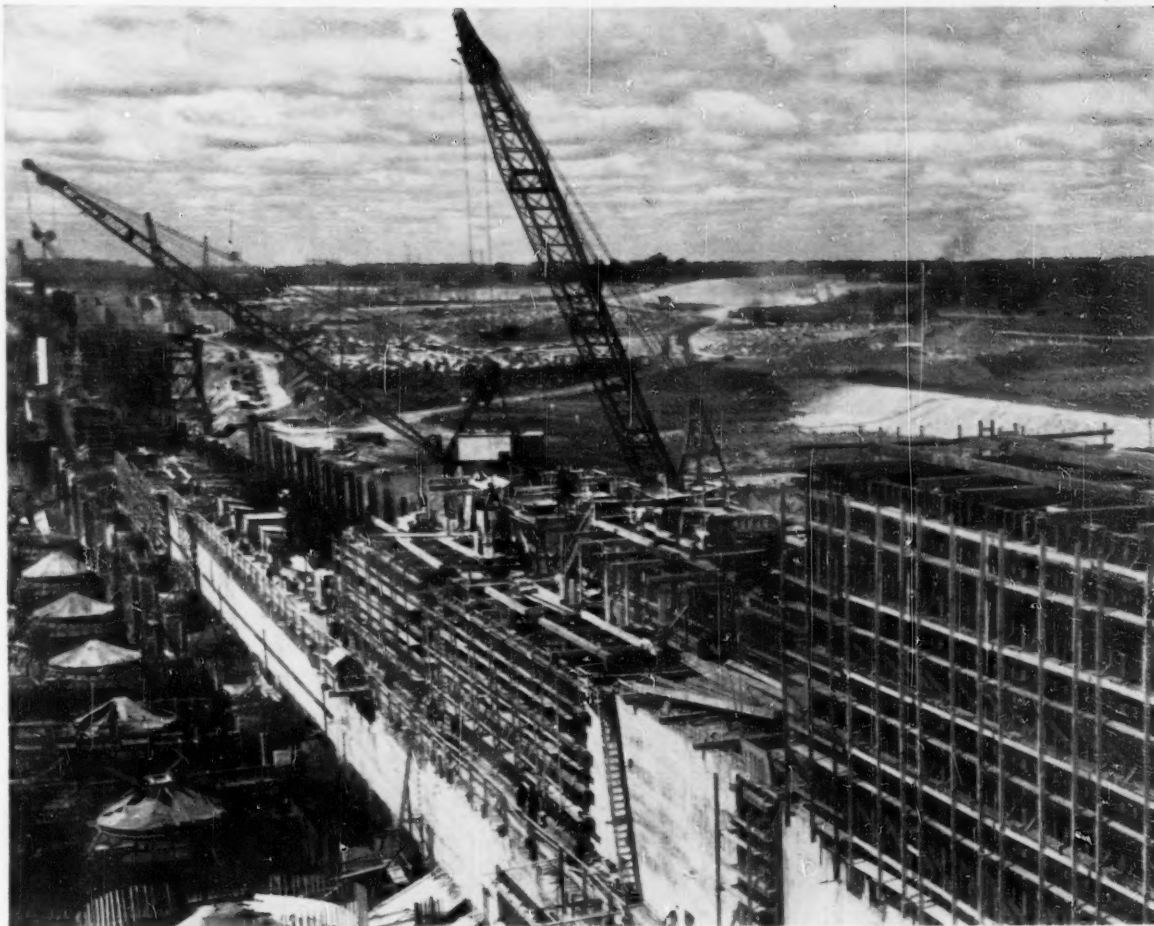
The crew of a Canadian locomotive still reckons a hundred miles as a day's work. The figure was agreed upon at a time when twelve and a half miles an hour was still a good all-day average for railway trains, and a hundred miles therefore equaled an eight-hour day. There are still some way-freights that average no higher speed than that, but a modern passenger train or fast freight covers a hundred miles in less than two hours. It's still a day's work, though.

This leads to some curious effects. The Canadian, the CPR's crack train across the continent, goes from Montreal to Vancouver in about seventy hours. The trip requires twenty-two engine crews, who relieve each other at points that average 131 miles apart. The average time required for each engine crew to complete its day's work is three hours and sixteen minutes. The crew with the shortest trip, the hundred and ten miles between Moose Jaw and Swift Current, finishes in seven minutes less than two hours. Longest day for an engine crew on the Canadian is four hours, twenty-five minutes.

Of course this is not the whole story. The crew at the end of its three-hour day is more than a hundred miles from home, and must stand by to take another train back, sometimes on the same day but not always. To pay the men on an hourly rate for the time actually spent in the cab of the locomotive would be obviously unfair—though it used to be done, not so long ago.

"I can remember a time," said one railway executive, "when a dispatcher who thought the weather looked a bit ominous might call out two or three crews to take snowploughs up the line. He might send a crew from Montreal to Cornwall, say, just to have a plough there in case of a blizzard."

"That crew would be paid for one run. Once they got to Cornwall they'd draw no more pay—not even a food allowance. They'd live in a work car, but they had to buy their own groceries. They might stay there four or five days,



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"No wonder men object to being laid off merely because they're no longer doing any useful work"

until the dispatcher finally decided the danger of a blizzard was over. Then they'd bring the plough back to Montreal, and draw pay for another run. Two days' pay altogether, and they'd have been away from home buying their own grub for the better part of a week."

It was to correct such manifest abuses that the present rules of work were negotiated. Now it often looks as if the shoe is on the other foot. The engine crew that takes the Montreal-Toronto flier out westbound in the afternoon gets off at Brockville, 150-odd miles up the line, in time to bring the Toronto-Montreal train back again. The return trip takes approximately eight hours of work, and the crew is entitled to be paid for three hundred miles or three "days."

Nobody thinks of them as actual days, of course—the equation of miles and hours is wholly artificial, a mere unit of calculation. Pay rates are negotiated on the basis of cents per mile. Nevertheless it is true that if the same engineer and fireman were allowed the Montreal-Brockville run five days a week, they would earn a very handsome income.

They are not allowed to do this because the union forbids it. Engineers and firemen may not exceed 4,800 miles a month in passenger service. On ordinary runs each crew can cover this mileage in twelve to sixteen working days. This three-to-four-day week enables the engineers on passenger trains to earn an average of \$7,144 a year, and the passenger firemen \$5,164 (freight and yard firemen earn a little less).

One railway assignment in western Canada employs two crews. Each works for fifteen days straight, then takes fifteen days off. The working day is about seven hours, or a little over a hundred hours a month. For this each engineer gets \$564, the fireman \$531, the conductor \$474 and two trainmen \$412 apiece.

This job used to be done by one crew. The conductor got \$948 for a 210-hour month, and the rest accordingly. The run became known as "the mortgage lifter." The unions were upset that a favored few could earn so much at regular rates of pay, so at their request the company split the job in half and hired two crews. The actual cost to the railway, of course, remains the same.

These outlandish cases are not typical—the ordinary crew works longer for less money. But they are dramatic illustrations of something that is typical, a certain distortion of the relationship between work performed and pay received.

In the days of steam, firemen got extra pay for the extra work they did on the steep grades of the Rockies and the Selkirks. It took a lot more shoveling to keep steam up there, and besides the trains were slower and took longer to complete a hundred-mile "day." Today, diesels are fed automatically and they go as fast through the mountains as the average speed in many a flat region, but the firemen have still collected this "mountain differential." The suggestion that it be dropped was one of the firemen's grievances.

Years ago, every change of crew meant a change of locomotive. Each crew before setting out had to spend some time checking the engine to see that everything worked, and also giving it a "final inspection" at the end of the run. The time spent on these duties varied from man to man, but the wage scales set "arbitrary" times of fifteen to forty-five minutes for each task. Nowadays, of course, the locomotive is not changed with the crew and the "checking" and "inspection" are purely nominal, but the "arbitrariness" were still payable up to the time of the CPR strike. Men draw wages for "checking" a locomotive that hasn't yet arrived, and for "inspecting" it after it has pulled out and left them behind. The railways' desire to discontinue these "arbitrary" payments was another grievance of the running-trades' unions.

In an industry with such habits and traditions, no wonder men object to being laid off merely because they're no longer doing any useful work. But however preposterous their claims may appear on the surface, there is a real and understandable human fear underneath.

Much more is at stake than the employment of a hundred men, all hired since the dispute over diesels began. So far, Canadian railways have converted only a little more than half of all freight and yard operations to diesel power. Thus there are still jobs, at their own trade, for a big fraction of all locomotive firemen. In a few years' time this will no longer be so. All locomotives



"Would you care to step overboard and repeat that?"

will be diesels, and almost all firemen will be out of the jobs they are trying to protect. The only firemen left on diesels will be the few in passenger service, less than a fifth of the whole. Here they'll stay on the job because a passenger train has only two men in the locomotive. Freight trains have had three; the head-end trainman also rides in the cab, and duplicates the fireman's task of watching from the left-hand window and helping the engineer if necessary. Neither railway has any present intention of using one-man engine crews in road service.

Even on freight trains the impact of change has been softened by the CPR strike settlement. Men who have been firemen will remain such, and continue to perform their admittedly useless functions, until they are retired or promoted to be engineers—but none will be replaced. In a few years, therefore, firemen will have disappeared from all freight and yard locomotives.

The terms of the CPR settlement also eluded another difficulty, even more serious in the problem of automation in general: What is to become of the senior worker whose craft is no longer required? The company may be willing and even anxious to employ these men at other jobs, but in most cases these other jobs are covered by agreements with other unions. Will such unions recognize the seniority of a man in a different craft?

The unions said no

In the railways' maintenance and repair shops this question has already been answered, and a very dusty answer it has got: "Every craft for itself. If your craft is not needed, that's your hard luck. Our union must look after its own."

Many boilermakers were left without jobs by the railways' change to diesels, since a diesel has no boiler—indeed, far more men were thus displaced than the firemen whose plight has had more publicity. Some were elderly workers who had been in the railways' employ all their lives, and are now near pension age. The railways tried to keep such veterans employed on other jobs, for which they were fully competent but which were covered by agreements with different unions.

In most of these cases the union's answer was no. "Seniority" applied to union members only; no matter how long a man might have worked with the railway, he remained "junior" to the newest member of a union not his own. This is the reason for the incidents that call for indignant questions in parliament from time to time—older workers laid off while men with half their seniority are still working.

But here, too, the union's attitude is not as blindly cruel as it looks. Canadian railway labor is all organized on a craft basis—the CNR has 201 agreements with thirty-nine unions. Some of these contracts cover thousands of workers, but one covers exactly five barbers in the Chateau Laurier at Ottawa. Many of the unions affected are among the oldest and best-established in the whole labor movement, and now they are fighting for survival.

The firemen's union is one such. It is almost a century old. In addition to the ordinary services of collective bargaining it operates a huge insurance and pension scheme for its members. Since 1873 the union has paid out no less than \$120 million in insurance claims; in a single month recently it paid out \$193,000 in death claims and \$126,000



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FOR CARS AND TRUCKS

in endowments. If the firemen's union should cease to exist, what will become of all these assets and vested interests?

Even before the railways decided to operate diesels without firemen in freight and yard service, the future of the firemen's union was dark enough. Already, firemen reckon they have lost as many as a thousand "job opportunities" because of the greater power and flexibility of the diesel engine. In the mountain region of western Canada each train used to need helper engines on the steep grades, sometimes as many as

three extra locomotives, each with its own crew. Now, on the same stretches of line, the railways merely add a few more diesel units and take the train on with one engine crew instead of four.

Looking further into the future, railwaymen see more and more such surrenders to the machine—and not for firemen alone. Even now, on the market in the United States there is a small switching engine for use in certain types of railway yard service. This engine needs no crew at all—no fireman, no engineer. It is operated from the cen-

tral control tower, by the same push-button method that operates a toy electric train. There is no technical reason why all railway yards should not be run by similarly automatic means.

Road operation is becoming more nearly automatic, too. Not many years ago, rail switches were set and signals adjusted by hand. Now, an operator in Toronto simultaneously controls every signal and every switch over some two hundred miles of line. This system of centralized traffic control will probably be installed on all main lines by 1961.

The next step would be automatic train control—a system whereby any locomotive that moves against a signal, goes through a red light or otherwise breaks the rules, would be automatically brought to a stop. This system costs about thirty thousand dollars a mile and is therefore only worthwhile where traffic is fairly dense, but it is already in operation in many parts of Europe. With automatic train control a locomotive still needs a driver, but the driver needs very little skill. He can be trained quickly, and paid accordingly.

Not only in the railway industry but in all labor disputes of the same kind, this is the real fear that underlies the seemingly arrogant demands—a man's fear of losing his trade, his hard-won skill, and of finding himself with no hope of employment except as a simple laborer.

What will become of the carpenter when every piece of lumber going into a house is pre-cut to size at the factory, and numbered so that it can be assembled like a nursery toy? What will become of the plasterer and the bricklayer when every wall is a prefabricated section and any oaf can bolt it into place? And even if all are employed at reasonable pay, but without discrimination as to function and skill, what will become of their great and ancient apparatus of trade unions, with their hundreds of comfortable full-time jobs and their millions of dollars in pension and welfare funds?

Nobody knows. That's why carpenters are insisting, and their union officials even more stridently demanding, that every job calling for a hammer and saw must be filled by a qualified dues-paying carpenter and not by a common laborer. That's why the musicians try to exact that when Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture is played, the artillerymen who fire the cannon should be members of the musicians' union—or else have a battery of drummers or trombone players "standing by" at full pay.

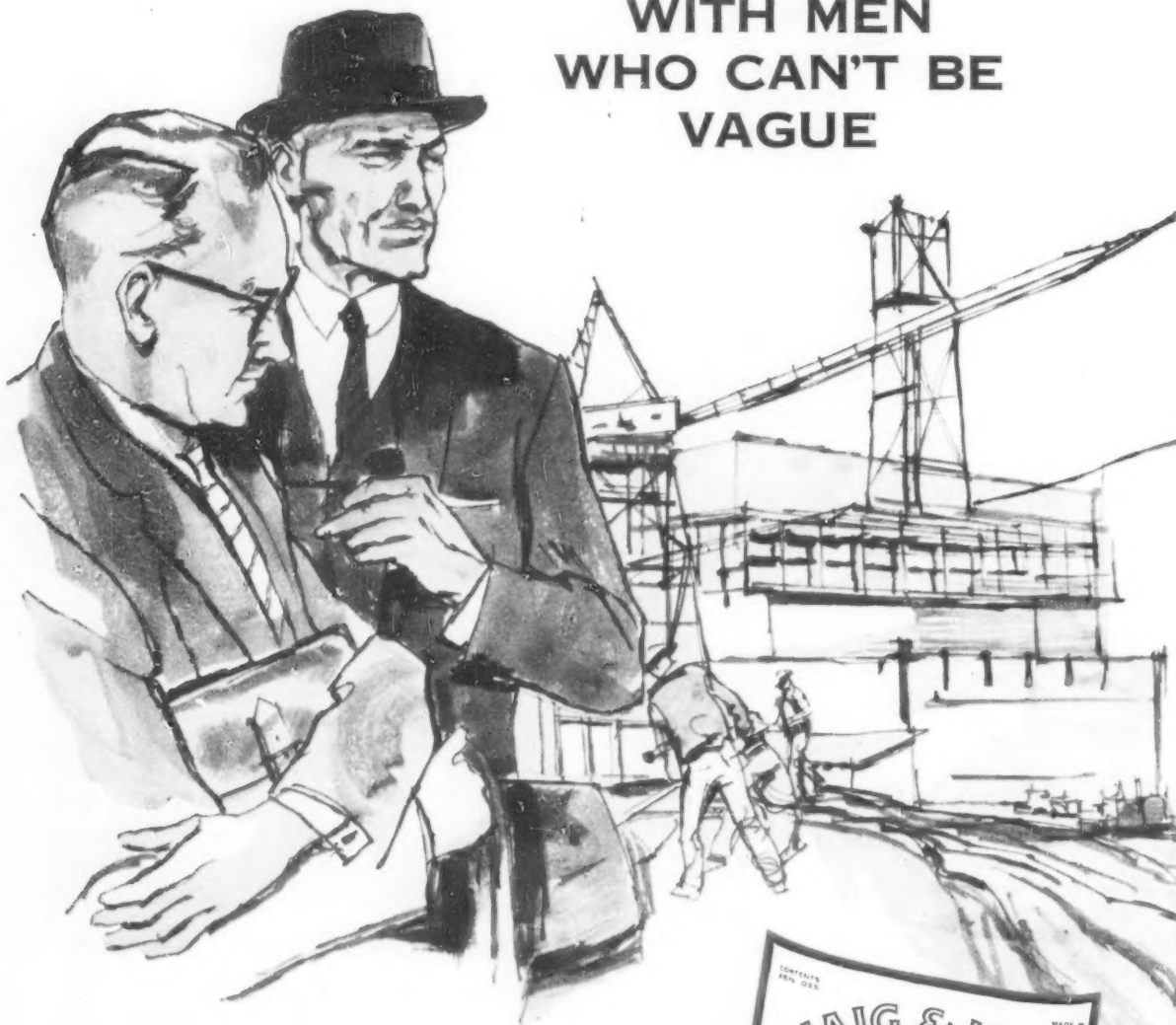
Trade-union people are uncomfortably aware that they have not looked their best in this argument up to now. Last February a conference of officials in the building trades (held, by the way, at Miami Beach, Florida) drew up a ten-point code of conduct for union members, condemning "slowdowns, forcing of overtime, spread-work tactics, standby crews and featherbedding practices." No steps were suggested for enforcing the code, though.

Obviously it will take more than pious lip service to break the chronic deadlock between the craftsman and the machine. It will also take more than apologetic bluster against "union bosses." Somebody—labor, or management, or government, or all three—will have to devise some general principles that all can accept.

These will have to make more sense than the principle of featherbedding—carry that to its logical conclusion, and the automobile companies would all have harness-making departments for their horseless carriages. But the new principles cannot be too coldly rational, either. If every skill becomes worthless the moment it is technically obsolete, there isn't much incentive to acquire skills at all. If every man's work is to be judged by the standard of the eagerest beaver, no job would be much fun any more.

There must be a happy medium. Management, labor and government had better hurry up and try to find it. Otherwise, the firemen's strike was only the first engagement in a long dreary war that nobody can win. ★

WITH MEN WHO CAN'T BE VAGUE



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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Notman then, now, and coming up

It's about time we reported to our readers on the state of the Notman collection of nineteenth-century photographs which was housed at McGill University's McCord Museum of Canadiana with the financial assistance of Maclean's some eighteen months ago. We checked with the people at McCord the other day and they tell us that the job of cataloguing the collection won't be complete for at least fifteen years. It's a mountainous task, for it involves more than five hundred thousand photographs dating as far back as 1856.

However, by the end of the summer, Barbara Chadwick, the cataloguer, expects to have sorted out the sixty-five hundred outdoor scenes that William Notman, the first great Canadian photographer, made on his cross-Canada tours. They'll be of immense interest to scholars. This leaves the Notman



NOTMAN MUSTACHES:
walrus...

museum has had some intriguing mail. An eighty-year-old doctor in Akron, Ohio, wrote in to identify most of the snowshoers in a famous Notman composite. He's got a memory as clear as a photograph. A woman wrote in to say that she'd worn her great grandmother's wedding headdress and had always wanted to know what the rest of the gown looked like: would a Notman photo be able to show her? It would. Several scholars have been in to the museum to look at the photos and get the feel of the era, while CBC designers have found that it's a good place to go for costume ideas, for the collection faithfully records the changes in dress over the past hundred years.

Maclean's will continue to publish further interesting examples of the collection. Coming up: a portfolio of Notman beauties, with comments and some photographs of his own by Yousuf Karsh; an intriguing album of Canadian scenes taken seventy years ago; a lively collection of portraits of men and women in fancy-dress costume (when the fancy-dress ball was the social event of the season).

Meanwhile, cast your eye over the Notman collection of beards in this issue. Mustaches were big in those days, too, as the accompanying photographs show.



handlebar.



ladies' man...

portrait collection, some examples of which are shown beginning on page 25. That won't be fully catalogued and cross-indexed until 1973.

Last summer the museum put on a four-month exhibition of some of the most spectacular Notman pictures. Five thousand people saw it, and since then there have been scores of requests for reprints, portraits of dead relatives, identifications of people in old photos and so on. Many Mont-realers, wandering into the exhibit, saw themselves or their forebears on display; one staid and respectable businessman became "dangerously excited," the museum people tell us, when he spotted himself in the back row of a McGill football team of the Nineties.

The St. James Club, Encyclopædia Britannica, Atlantic Advocate, and Department of External Affairs are just a few of the institutions that have made use of Notman's photos recently and the

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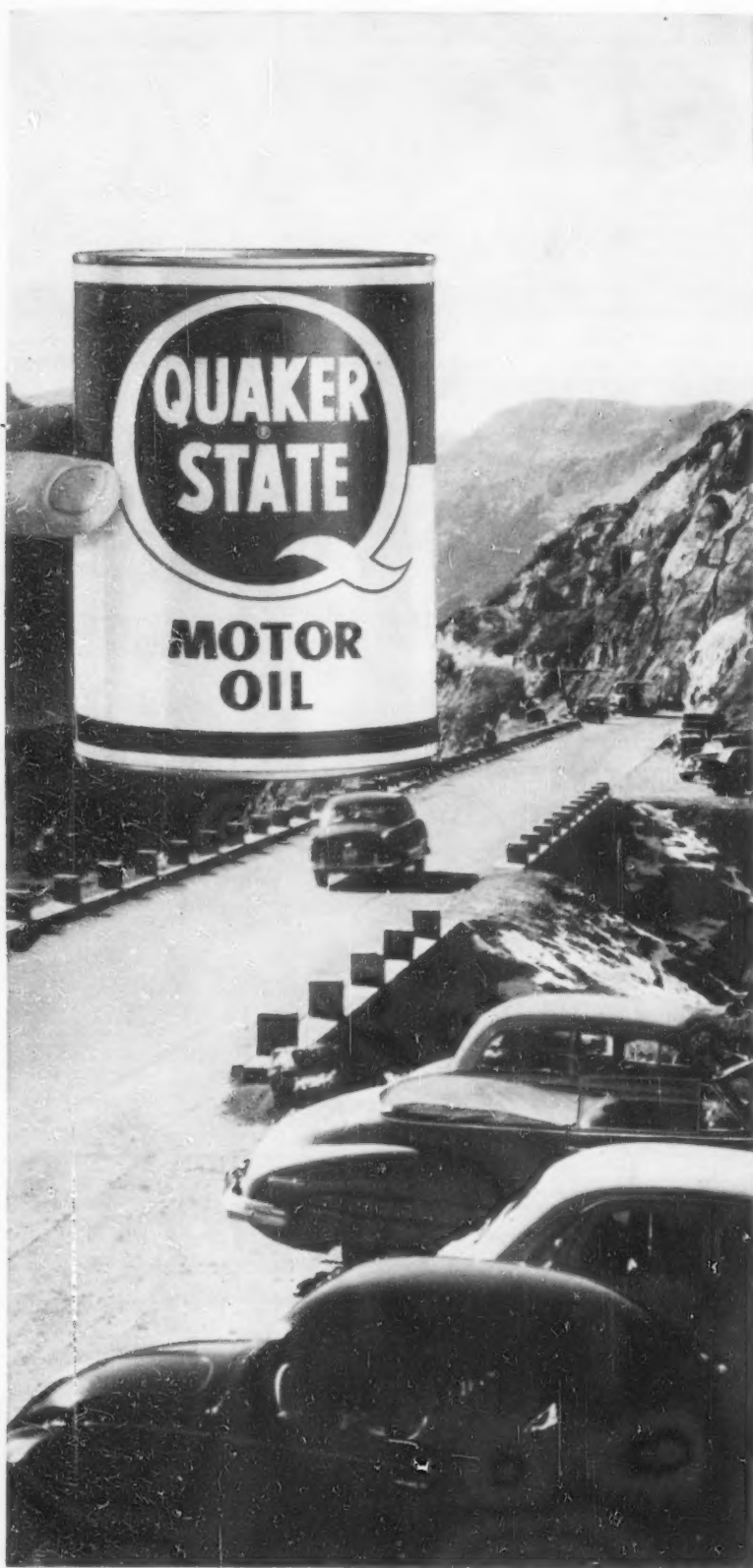
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Parade

And baby makes three

Remember when bribery was the only way to get an apartment—and then only if you were prepared to put your children in an orphanage? Things have certainly changed in London, Ont., where the Free Press recently carried

almost sideswiped. The little car roared after the big one and thanks to a snarl of traffic caught it at a traffic light at the brow of a hill. The pursuer got out of his little car to tell off the guy in the big car for being a careless thoughtless driver who was going to hurt somebody, but he was interrupted by a loud crunch. He'd been so mad he'd forgotten to put the brake on and his own car had rolled back down the hill into another.



this advertisement in its To Rent column:

One-bedroom apartment, East London, upper duplex, well decorated, laundry, parking facilities. One infant welcome or would furnish same for good reliable tenants . . .

Out for a stroll in a residential section of Montreal she refuses to identify, in order to protect the victim of this story, a local resident spied an alert-looking constable spying on traffic with his notebook at the ready. His eyes would follow a car and he'd make an entry in his book; a moment later he'd peer after another driver and make another entry. Our woman stroller couldn't resist peering into the constable's little black book as she drew near him. Folded neatly between its pages he had the crossword puzzle from the morning paper, and he had it half done.

Talk about your days of real sport! Luckiest grade-niners in Canada are the Saskatoon Collegiate classmates of a lad whose father is a doctor and an instructor of medical students at the city's University hospital. If you're a good pal of the doctor's kid you can volunteer to be a guinea pig for medical science, get an arm or a leg put in a demonstration cast, swank around the neighborhood like a hero—and get paid by the hour.

A fellow in a big fintail special went roaring in and out of a line of Toronto traffic, annoying everybody and infuriating a guy in a little foreign car whom he

Money isn't the only thing you're liable to have less of after retirement and we don't know which consideration prompted the sign in a Hamilton, Ont., barber shop: "Haircuts 75c—Old Men's 50c."

A Parade scout in Yarmouth, N.S., says she thinks there may be a story in a postman down that way whose run starts at West Dublin and whose first stop is the Bush Island post office. To get there he drives along a road that clings to the top of the sand dunes on a narrow neck of land with the sea on both sides. Then he takes off in a one-cylinder dory for a thirty-minute ocean voyage to Bush Island where he dumps his mailbags. Our Scout promises to flash the word the first time she hears about the postman getting bit by a dogfish.

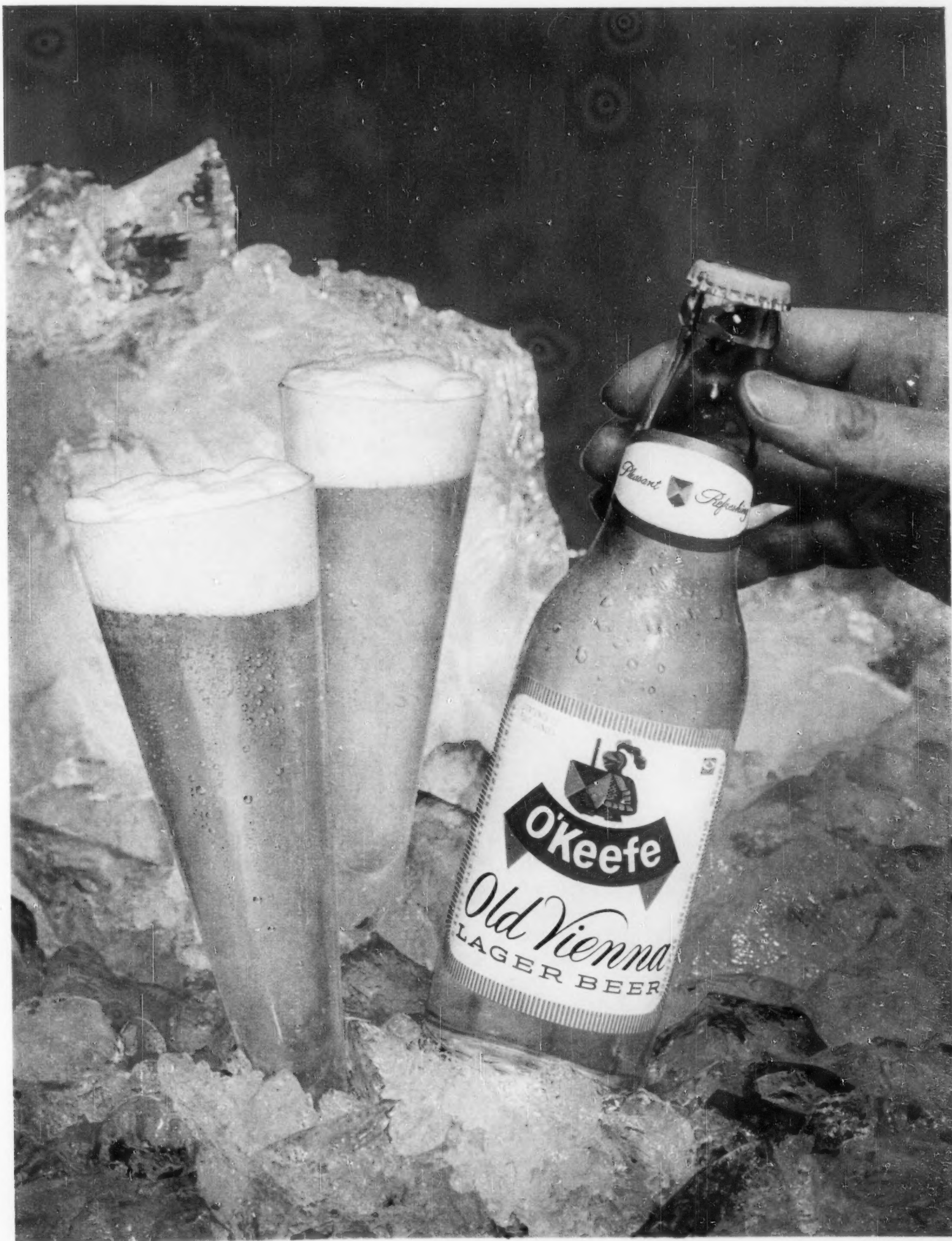
A little thing like a little unemployment isn't going to dampen any west-coast spirits during Centennial year. Why, there's a big sign in the window of a union hall on Vancouver's Pender St.,



where the jobless come looking for work, and the sign bids them "Smile! —life in British Columbia is wonderful!"

There's a modern home in Hamilton, Ont., equipped with every known labor-saving device from an electric cocktail mixer to an automatic laundry, and its occupants include a ten-year-old girl who came home from domestic-science class wide-eyed. "Teacher has the most wonderful gadget for doing your washing with—she calls it a scrubbing board and it just makes washing so much fun!"

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